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The HOME MAGAZINE

MARCH 1909

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Founded By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

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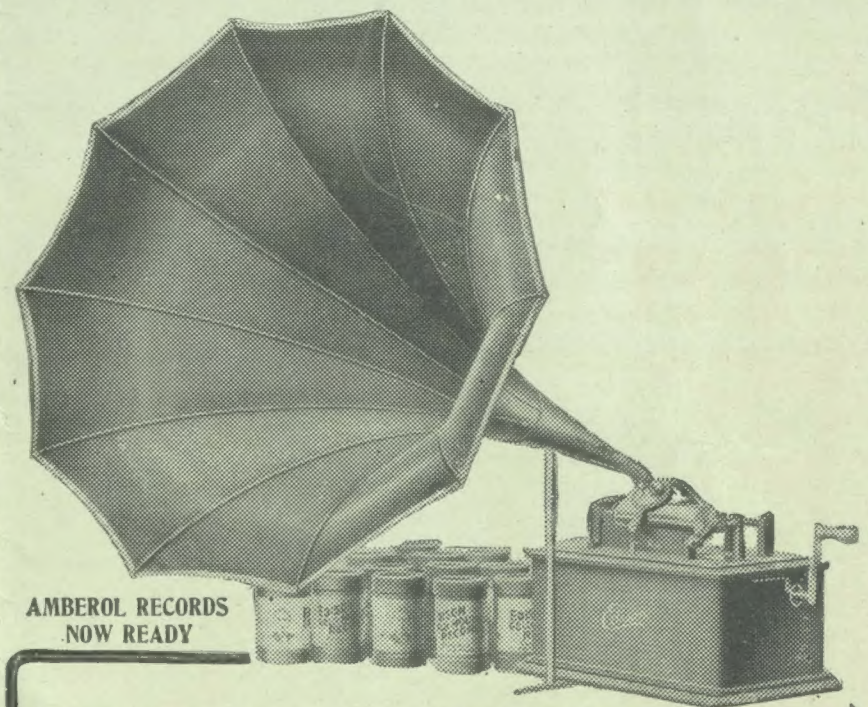

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UNCLE REMUS'S The HOME MAGAZINE

Founded by JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

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JULIAN HARRIS, Editor; DON MARQUIS, Associate Editor.

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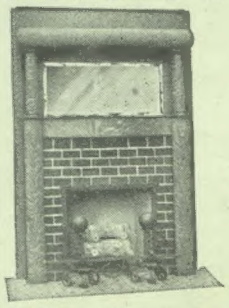

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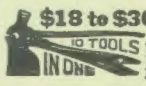

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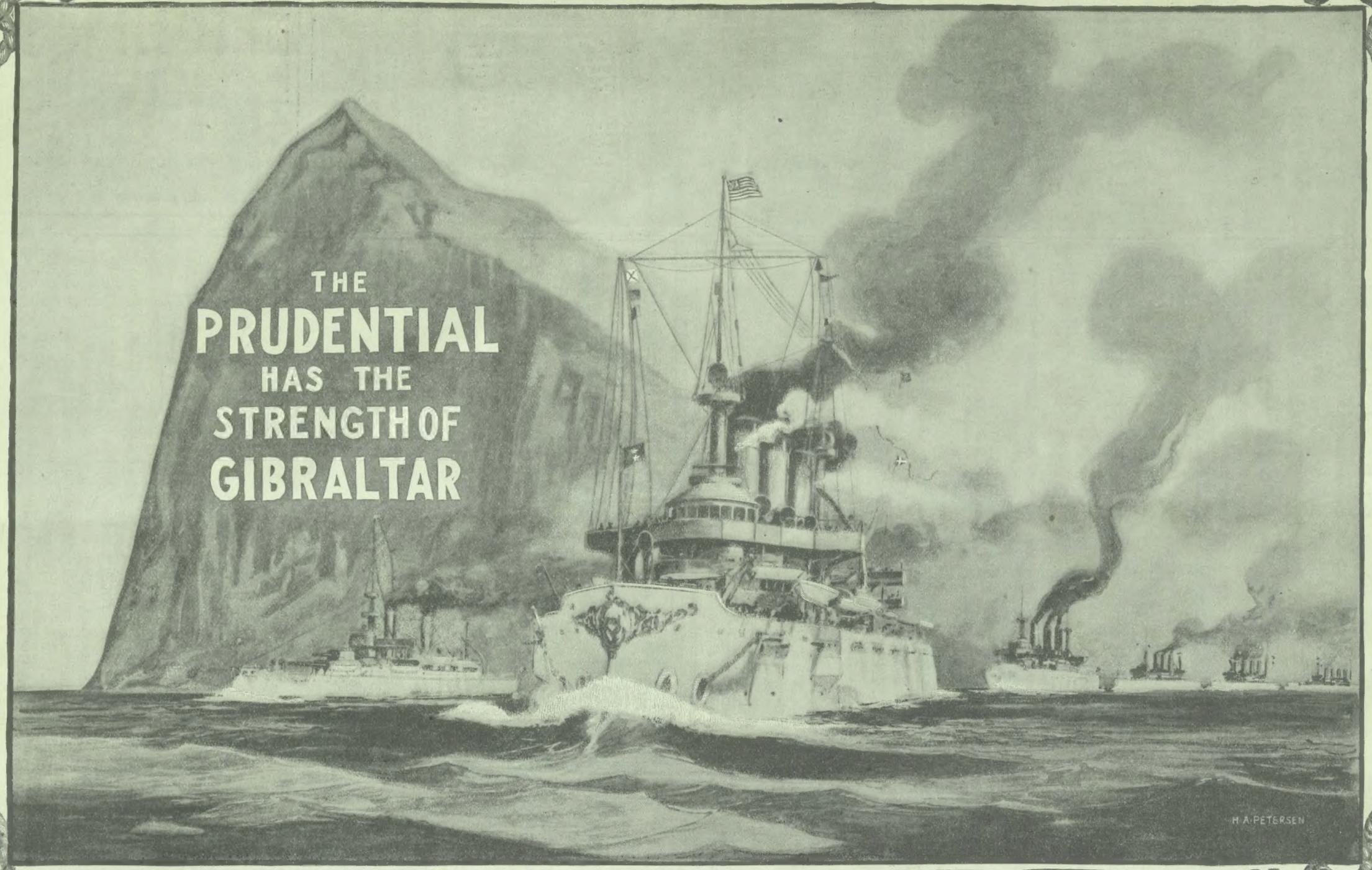

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UNCLE REMUS'S
The HOME MAGAZINE

Shall the Solid South Be Shattered?

THERE is to-day before the South no question more interesting or more vital than that presented as the caption of the views and comments that follow. It is not our intention to intimate that our opinions and deductions coincide with those of the majority of the Southern voters; but we confess to a belief that many regard the question and its responsibility in something of our fashion, and that others are in a receptive mood.

In the South the discussion of this unique situation or problem has seldom been unreserved and frank; in fact, it is a question usually discussed timidly or evasively, or ignored as a question unpartylike to the point of treason, and therefore to be ridiculed, frowned down or damned as suits the democratic mood. Nevertheless, as it will not retire from the center of the stage, it is well to examine it to discover of what stuff it is made.

In the South the youth imbibes the doctrine of democracy, as opposed to republicanism—not democracy for the sake of its principles, but because it has seemed the party to serve as a bulwark against republicanism, which in the past has always borne to Southern nostrils the tainted suggestion of equality for the negro and reckless appointment to office where he might offend. To-day the question is changed in aspect. There has been a more generous understanding on the part of the North. Commercial conditions have created new views and new needs. With this admitted, we must at the same time pay little heed to the illogical utterances on the subject by some Southern white Republicans who in their efforts to change the present political status would have us believe the "Solid South" can be smashed with a possum and persimmon beer banquet.

This must be borne in mind: **Whatever the "Solid South" does or is to do, must come from within—it must be a condition wrought by the yeast of years of development working among her own people.** This talk of President-elect Taft winning the South, or the South winning Mr. Taft, is absurd. But Mr. Taft can and will be so understanding of the Southerners that his interest and fair-play will hasten the South's efforts to solve a difficult problem.

With this foreword, let us see what is the South's political attitude, what she has had to combat, what were her methods, and whether they are now antiquated and where is their trend to-day. **Let us regard this situation sympathetically, seriously, and above all honestly.**

When the shackles of slavery were struck from the blacks and they were given a vote to cast against their old master's ballot, the Southern whites were shocked. They had thought the war bad enough. However, with Anglo-Saxon aggressiveness they turned to their task. From that day it has been in the heart of every white man in the South that there never can be negro domination.

Commercial Awakening of the "Solid South"

In spite of his determination to rule, the Southerner was confronted with the danger of the black ballot as a power to draw on the Republican party for sympathy, aid and office. The effort to overcome the power of the ballot in the hands of the negro was the first step toward the "Solid South." **And since then, even in party councils, the South has been as silent as she is solid, partisan and therefore powerless.**

Had the South rested where she was twenty years ago—where she stood when the great Grady thrilled to tears and cheers a whole nation—these self-sought party shackles would have remained unchafing. Dating from the delivery of that speech the South began slowly to germinate the seed of her big possibilities.

Capital came and caught startling glimpses of a richness that commanded its co-operation. Energy, made potential at the healing touch of Capital, shook off the traditions against labor that slavery fostered. Energy flung itself into the work of the hour, and to-day the South blooms with wonderful groves and orchards; her map is a maze of railroads; the throb of machinery, the clang of manufactories, the whir of her mills, the glisten of her golden grain fields, the wondrous white of her cotton patches, the uncovering of the myriad veins of mineral wealth that mesh her confines—these, and many values more, present the picture of NOW.

Inevitably the South must go forward. She is impelled by a momentum which must increase, or stagnation will set in—and stagnation is paralysis; paralysis, death. **And this activity must exist in every phase of her growth—which is her life—or some part or some member will become useless, atrophied.**

Let us see where the South stands politically; in this respect it is a pathetic figure she presents. What tears have not been shed by the shades of those great Southerners—Washington, Jefferson, Clay, Jackson, Lee, Davis, Stephens, Toombs, Hill and a score more—at the sight of this pitiably politics-ridden section; at the sight of this great shackled giantess—the South.

Why the South Has Been "Solid" and Powerless

After the reconstruction period, when the South began to recover somewhat from her unaccustomed poverty, when once again she found actual, gnawing, physical hunger somewhat appeased, she began to look over the political field.

The negro who was young in slavery, or born in freedom, could not comprehend the traditional tenderness that his father and mother felt for "ol' marster" and "ol' mistiss"; the younger white men, unchastened by war and missing the experience of their elders with the old, faithful negroes, helped to increase between the races the gradual distrust which is rapidly taking the place of that devotion which often amounted to an affection.

Then from the North, came men and women to teach and help the negro. From the North came funds to educate and upbuild the negro. This philanthropy, ostentatiously given, was regarded by Southerners with suspicion and anger. They saw in these gifts the money that Southerners had paid New England's slave-traders for the slaves that later New England's stricken conscience screamed to free. Purses filled with money made in the slave-trade were emptied into the South to educate the negro. The condition of the whites of the South was eloquent with sadness, but that pride which was so striking a trait of the old regime forbade that they spread abroad the tales of their troubles.

That is the picture which some years ago all the South saw. The majority of us have changed radically, yet there are a few of us in corners of the South who still have that vision in our minds; and when the North has talked about the neglected negro we have been annoyed into showing that in some Southern States the negro receives as an educational fund alone an amount greater than his total of taxes.

The South has never believed, and never will believe, that the negro should have been given the right to vote before he was fully equipped to measure to the responsibility of suffrage. There are thousands of Southerners who feel that if Lincoln had lived he would not have permitted this to occur, or would have restricted it to conform with the South's views.

In order to meet the threatening ballot of the ignorant negro, the voters of the South were forced to stand shoulder to shoulder. They did this in the Ku Klux Klan—their first move to prevent the negro from prevailing at the polls. Later the white Democratic primary was evolved. In this primary, the white democratic voters decided on a man to be supported by all Democrats at the regular election. For years this plan was followed with satisfactory results. Then came a period of agitation and unrest. Such talk as flooded the North about the force bill, and the Foraker fashion of uninformed and irritating speech spurred the South to activity.

To-day the majority of the Southern States have passed disfranchisement laws that seem successfully to defy reversal by the

Supreme Court. Because there is an educational clause in these laws, the negro ballot is for the present restricted more than ever, and the uneducated white man has only to prove that his grandfather fought in the Civil War.

The white primary and the further and more recent attempt to eliminate the negro vote are the two big forces to consider in this evolution that may result in breaking the "Solid South." Let us inquire into these separately. First, the white primary:

Statesmanship Literally Slain by White Primary

The white Democratic primary—an evil, but until now, perhaps, a necessary evil—has literally squeezed the South dry of the sap of statesmanship, and there has sprung up a horde of shrewd, short-sighted politicians who would suffocate—two at the time—under the cloak of any one of those great men who when living were at home in the White House or formerly strode in the aisles of Senate and House, head and shoulders above their fellows from other sections.

The walls of the South's gallery of statesmen are to-day full to overflowing, but her legislative halls are empty. Let us say that the golden blaze of an era of commerce necessarily dwarfs the intellectual renaissance, but also let us be fully frank and see the blight that the white democratic primary has put on our political buds and so prevented their full fruitage.

In what manner does this primary show its power to rot the South's statesmanship and so rob her of her long held power and prestige? For example: In a primary for the Democratic nomination the race is between Democrats for selection by Democrats—and the result means an election. In nine cases out of ten there is no issue—no platform save democracy—and, as in the two recent gubernatorial primaries in Georgia, the result is an outpouring of personal abuse, vicious cartooning, and a flow of billingsgate that would make a fish-wife faint from pure ecstacy; the physical deficiencies of an opponent are denounced from the platform with all the vigor of an attack on some venomous, man-eating trust, and—

Not one step forward is taken in the path of educating the people in issues that confront them, in the problems and perplexities of our more-than-ever complicated machinery of government.

Imagine the difference if Republicans and Democrats could begin to meet in the South in joint debate in a race for the governorship or for a seat in Congress. Tariff, trust curbing, national banking laws, postal savings banks, colonial problems, canal conditions, foreign relations, immigration, and a score more of interesting and vital questions would be exploited, and in the minds of many young men there would be implanted the seed of ambition and knowledge to develop true statesmanship; for the South has been the home of the statesman as Virginia was once the mother of presidents.

So the primary, benevolent in its outward aspects and first intentions, has driven the big vital issues out of the people's grasp and the platform is made the place for the airing of vulgar jocularity and personal spite, with a slim filler of patriotism a la flub-dub.

This brings us to the disfranchisement of the negro, the very best and the very worst move that a Southern state could make.

Disfranchisement the Very Best and Very Worst Remedy

If on the one hand the South has been unfair to the negro in disfranchisement, on the other, in our method at least, we have been wantonly unjust to the illiterate white voter. Not many uneducated Southern whites—voters and soon-to-be-voters? See where Georgia or Alabama or South Carolina stands in percentage of illiteracy!

The educational restriction put on the negro has proved to him a stimulus to acquire an education. And he is going to get it. Often he may not be able to reach to calculus and Greek, and just as often when he can he is obnoxious; but that is beside the question. He can and will learn his three R's; **and while the negro is fitting himself for suffrage, there, safely sheltered by the "grand-daddy" clause, is sitting the illiterate white voter whistling and whittling and forgetting that even grandfathers, though dead, soon become great-grandfathers, while the grandson becomes impossible as an ancestor.**

Logically, this means that within the next fifteen or twenty-five years the negro, armed with his ballot and carrying his educational credentials will inquire if his vote is ripe—and it will be. And the white illiterate voter? He has doubled the South's burden—or rather by the disfranchisement of the negro, the illiterate white will have been made a double burden in his ignorance and lack of ambition; for the method has not only kept the white man at a standstill, but he can no longer count against a black vote.

It is because this situation is being realized that the disfranchisement act may be termed the best and the worst thing for the South—for Georgia, as an instance.

It means that we must soon begin to look to the Republican party—or the party in power as opposed to Democracy—to help solve our troubles when the negro vote arrives. And that is where it is good.

It is in the **present** crippling of the negro vote in Georgia (and we use Georgia as representing the South) that the opportunity lies. The North understands—except in a few radical spots—that the negro can never step over a certain line in the South. But the North does not understand fully the essence of this feeling, this determination concerning the negro, which inheres not in prejudice, but in fact.

President Roosevelt has begun to understand the situation in the South. He has opened the way for a Republican President to be put in close touch with Southerners and with their ideas and ideals.

President-elect Taft has a wide and wonderful opportunity. The way in which he handles a doubly delicate situation will have a vital bearing on the making of history in the next ten or fifteen years.

South Must Quit Her Cowardice, or Split at Once

And having mentioned President-elect Taft, we touch back to the main-spring of this discussion—

Shall the "Solid South" be broken?

We have said that this decision must come from within the South.

What then is the position of the "Solid South" in Democratic ranks?

As long as the South remains solidly Democratic under present conditions she will be hopeless and helpless. She gave to the recent Democratic presidential nominee all but a thimblefull of electoral votes, yet she had no voice in making the nomination; and if the election of the nominee had followed she would have been not one whit better off, save for an isolated office or two.

Why? Because the Democrats outside the South believe that the negro scarecrow will keep the South solidly Democratic. They have heard for years that the Democrats of the South would "vote for a yellow dog" if the party nominated one. Therefore the Northern and Eastern and Western Democrats write the platform, name the nominees and in their hearts—for they do not understand how the negro question has solidified the South—despise the South's timidity and complacence. **It is because the South has always been solid and Democratic that it has no power with the Democratic party, and it is for this same reason that the Republican party has heretofore slipped in no planks that might palliate the Southerners.** The "Solid South" is no longer a power, it is a phrase that is the signal for laughter.

Democracy! What do the organized Democrats of Tammany care for Democracy in its broadest sense? For national politics Tammany wouldn't lift a finger, if New York City might be carried in local politics by knifing the national nominee.

But the South is seeing and understanding. There are two ways open for her, now that the negro vote is for a few years put out of danger—

One is to demand control of the national Democratic party and the convention, and then if the demand is refused, take control and nominate its own man out of the South and begin a fight from the start, and to the finish.

The other course is to break the "Solid South."

If by any chance this should occur next election, and Georgia should be the state that breaks away, it would be sure to mean a cabinet officer from this state, doubtless one or more Republican—Southern Republican—Congressmen.

And there you have the South's political freedom told in a nutshell.

In the South no man but a staunch Southerner could be elected even as a Republican—nor would the Republicans appoint any other kind. Then the South will have representation in the party councils of the Republican party, and what her representatives say will be heeded, not only because doubtful states are not easily to be disregarded, but equally because the Republican party will be hearing the South's story from a Southern Republican. And the negro who waits for a federal appointment will turn gray with age.

Frankly, we believe the breaking of the "Solid South" would be one of the best things politically that could happen to the South, and we have tried to lay the foundation for this conclusion, and yet not distort conditions.

How Mr. Taft Can Help His Party and Satisfy the South

There is no intention to suggest that the man who is genuinely a Democrat should recede from his position; at the same time there is every reason why every white Southern voter who is genuinely a Republican should cast his vote for the Republican ticket.

Twelve years ago there was not much regard for a Southern man who voted the national Republican ticket. To-day some of the leading citizens, for instance, of Atlanta are known as national Republicans. Now that the negro is disfranchised we ought to be fair to those of our friends and acquaintances who believe with the party of Roosevelt and Taft.

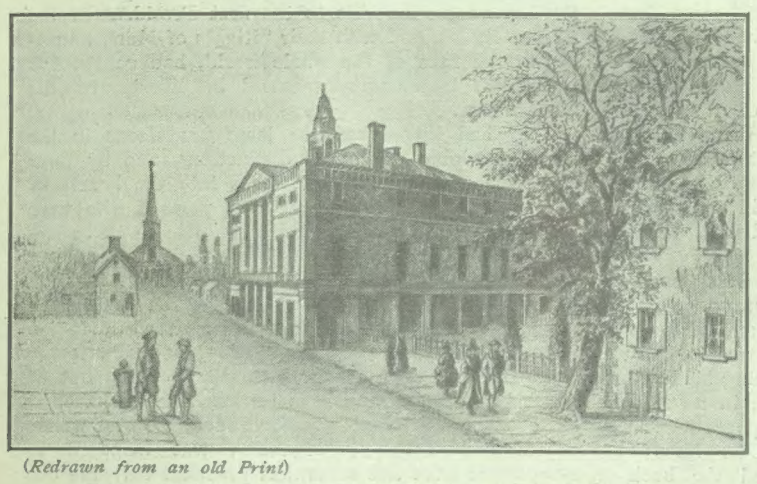
Nor is the Republican party without its responsibilities in such an evolution. Mr. Taft can show that there is sincerity in Republican speeches and intimations. He can keep the gad-fly of negro appointments away from the South; and by seeking the suggestions of leading citizens in the various sections and cities in the South can, regardless of political lines, make federal appointments which will not only reflect great credit on his administration but establish a propaganda for all time.

The South is bound to be slow in any radical move, and Mr. Taft will doubtless be in no hurry. **In the meantime, each one of us can help the nation at large and the South in particular by standing to the gun of his convictions and voting conscientiously and honestly, whether for Republican or Democratic doctrines.**

JULIAN HARRIS.

Two Early American Inaugurations

BY M. A. LANE



(Redrawn from an old Print)

Federal Hall, New York, where Washington was Inaugurated

INAUGURATING a President of the United States is a somewhat simple matter compared with the long drawn out and stately ceremonies that accompany the coronation of European kings and queens, and even the installation of the President of the French Republic. Americans, at least until very recent years, have always affected to despise the pomp and display made by foreign nations over the public appearance of their rulers, particularly over a new ruler who is formally beginning his reign.

This antipathy to kings, to the ways of kings, and to all the theatricalities with which royalty surrounds itself, does not mean as much nowadays to the average American as it did to the American of a century or more ago, when, to the people on this soil, the word King was about the most hateful word in the English language. Nowadays, Americans are disposed to admit that the King, poor fellow, has probably one or two rights which almost anybody, in common decency, is bound to respect. The King, in short, has managed to secure for himself a standing in court, and royal etiquette is not now so abhorrent to the sons of freedom as it used to be once upon a time not so very long ago.

Mr. Taft and his friends, therefore, could have arranged almost any kind of a procession, or any kind of reception, their esthetic propensities craved for without danger of a popular tornado, but it was a very different matter with Washington and the other early Presidents, who, owing to the fact that Americans could still feel the smart of the royal whip on their shoulders, had to be a little careful, in getting themselves inaugurated, that the business be got through with in the most unostentatious manner possible. The king question was a live question in those lively, good old days.

It was this hatred for kings and for the whole royal paraphernalia that gave such strong and popular vitality to Jefferson's ideas of equality, and that made him, and not Washington, the real founder of the country. Jefferson and his ideas were in perfect accord with the "Rights of Man", subsequently worked out by the French revolutionists who had, a few years previously to the election of Jefferson to the presidency, cut off the head of their king and hurled at Europe the defiance of Danton: "The coalesced kings of Europe threaten us. We fling at their feet as a gage of battle *the head of a king!*"

Danton's sentiments were cheerfully echoed in the hearts and by the lips of the Americans of that day, many of whom were minus certain arms and legs they had paid to King George, just before they threw his majesty, accoutered in all his royal harness, into the Bay of Boston. In such a state of popular mind, what President but would be cautious that his inauguration ceremonies were reduced down to the requisite democratic pitch? That they were in reality thus cautious is touchingly manifest to him who looks over the history of the first inaugurations.

The inauguration of George Washington, which took place on April 30, 1789, was, according to our modcrate and modern view of things, certainly democratic enough, although one feels that there was a certain amount of conscious restraint which, owing to the vicious tendencies of some people, might easily have broken its bounds, and have flowed over into a kind of royal flutter and fuss, were it not that the common people were so strong. For there were still "gentle" and "common" people in the land of the free.

Washington went through with the ceremonies with commendable quietness—when one considers the occasion, and his own well known tastes and dignity, and considers also that he was never the man for Jeffersonian simplicity. The constitution had but recently gone into effect, and the electorial votes had been counted on April 6th, the election having taken place during the preceding January. The official notification was carried to Mount Vernon by Charles Thompson, who had been secretary of the Continental Congress from its first meeting. He arrived at Mount Vernon on April 14th, and Washington at once began to get ready to start out for New York, where the organized Senate was sitting. He left Mount Vernon on April 16th, and the entry he made in his diary, just before leaving, is in strange contrast with the perfect confidence that modern candidates seem to have in their ability to finance the country through. In that entry he expresses great doubt of his capacity and of his strength to fill the duties to which he had been called.

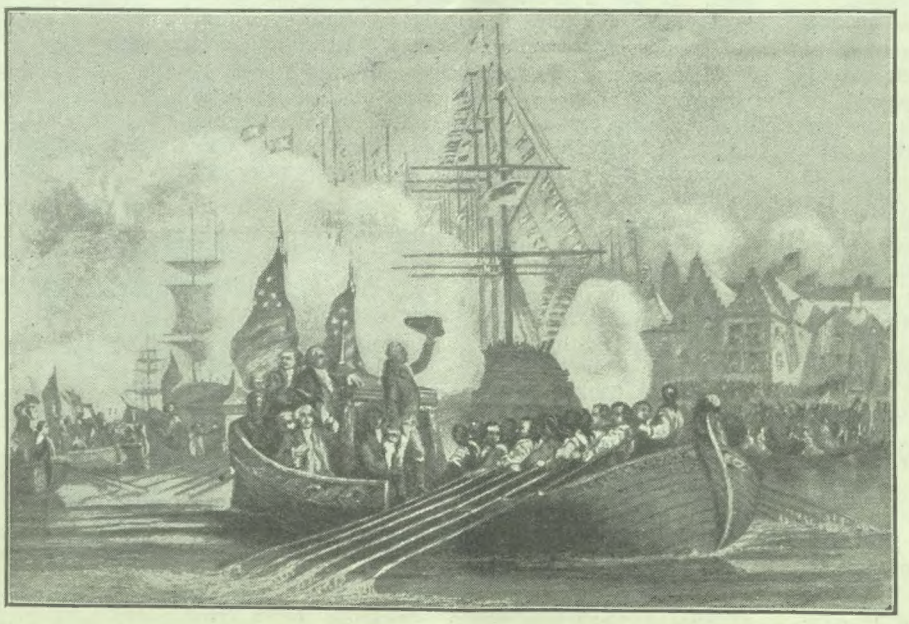
The real problem, however, was not so much one of financing the country through, as one of getting inaugurated in a manner sufficiently democratic in a country of king-haters and throwers off of oppression. All that Washington could do was to proceed to New York in as quiet a manner as possible. And this he did.

A certain amount of conquering hero enthusiasm was of course unavoidable and, of necessity, not undesirable in the case of a soldier like this one. The people gave him a splendid reception all along the route. It was, say the old historians, an ovation all the way.

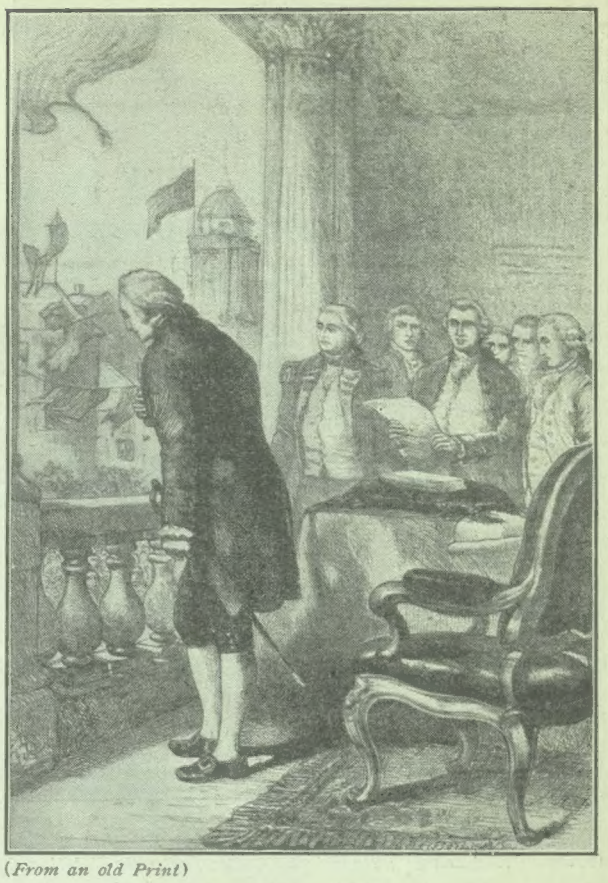
At Trenton, particularly, where, not so long ago, his guns had been heard with such good effect, he was greeted with something like royal honor—perhaps a little too much so.

As he passed through the town his route was so ordered that his horse was compelled to walk under a great arch of greenery and flowers, with this legend worked in white along its top: "The Defender of the Mothers will be the Protector of the Daughters,"—the meaning of which is obscure.

The gentlewomen of the town were gathered about the hither side of the arch, and as Washington's horse went through they scattered the flowers of April on the road so that the horse trampled upon them as he strode away.



The Reception of George Washington, at Elizabethtown, on his way to the Inaugaration of April 23, 1789. *(From a Painting of McNevin)*



(From an old Print)

The Inauguration of Washington

While they were doing this they accompanied the action with the following song:

Virgins fair and matrons grave,
Those thy conquering arms did save,
Build for thee triumphal bowers;
Strew, ye fair, his way with flowers!
Strew your hero's way with flowers!

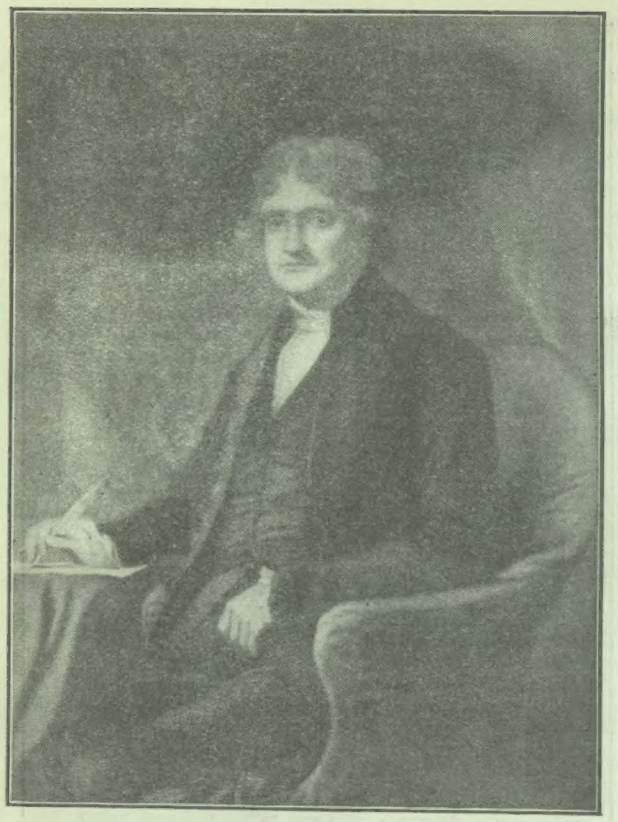
Old engravings still show him and the women in this attitude, and there is certainly a smack of Old Roman in it, although the men, it is to be observed, kept their fingers out of it. What Jefferson thought of it is not easy to find out at this late day, but it may be fairly assumed, on Jefferson's known opinion of such things, that he did not think well of it.

Again at Elizabethtown there was an eruption of this royal lava with which some of them were so heavily loaded. Here Washington was met by a great barge, reminding one of Cambyses and Aahmes, or of the royal splendors of the Thames in the days of Elizabeth and James. The kingly touch of the whole affair was again made manifest in the character of the men who acted as oarsmen. These were not common sailors, nor even prominent citizens of the place, but were—what, does the reader imagine? They were actually the captains of ships to the number of thirteen, commanded by Commodore John Nicholson! And all this was embellished by an unusual amount of bowing and scraping, hateful as poison to the simple soul of Jefferson and to the already rapidly rising tide of Democracy and long-trouser-legged preachers of equality.

Washington, however, got to his landing place in New York and here he was able to control matters, at least in some degree. He refused to be driven in state to the house that had been prepared for him, insisting that he walk. This he did, to the corner of old Pearl and Cherry Streets, the site of the first executive mansion. In this house he was to continue for some time, and if he was the principal figure there in a reception or two before the official ceremonies of the inauguration, he could hardly be expected to have escaped these trifling attentions from the patriotic burghers of New York. Still, considerable care was taken that the receptions were of a due simplicity, that nothing of a very servile or cringing character crept into them, and above all that there was permitted no lavish or sumptuous show of any kind.

With these precautions, Washington awaited the great occurrence that was to make him the first President of the United States.

The inauguration itself took place on April 30th. The President-elect was driven to the old Federal Hall in a coach of state which seems to have been perfectly permissible even in the opinion of the most inveterate of the king-haters, who also did not seem to think that a few soldiers



Thomas Jefferson and his famous Trousers

(From an Engraving in Duyckinck,s Gallery, after the Painting by Chappel)

would be especially obnoxious. There was much cheering along the route, all the windows and other points of vantage being fully occupied.

The street in front of Federal Hall was crowded to its highest capacity, and Washington and his escort had some difficulty in gaining an entrance. Once within, he went straight to the senate chamber where he was received by Vice President Adams amid considerable cheering. Meanwhile Secretary of the Senate Otis had secured a large Bible (for Bibles were Bibles in those days), and Robert R. Livingston, chancellor of the State of New York, made ready to administer the oath of office. When the word was given Washington walked out on the balcony overlooking the street, and was hailed with a wild burst of cheering. In answer to this he stepped forward to the front of the balcony and laying his hand on his breast over his heart, bowed very low to the people.

As he stood there before that great throng we need have no doubt that his dress and his general demeanor were carefully scrutinized by many an unfriendly eye. The dress he wore had been got up for the occasion. Much had to be considered in that dress, and much in more ways than one. Care had to be taken that nobody should be offended by its style or by the material used in its making.

First, as to the material. There should have been no worry over the particular quality of the cloth, although a very high quality of cloth was not easily purchaseable in the country at that time, at least cloth that had been manufactured by American labor. As for using a high quality of foreign cloth—and particularly a high quality of British-made cloth—that was out of the question. A fair, decent brown, plain yet not exactly coarse, but absolutely of American make, and of known American make, was the needful thing, and that was the thing selected. It was the product of the industry of Connecticut, a known industry, and therefore satisfactory to the people, no matter to what party they belonged.

Next, as to the style. The style was a more ticklish matter. Would the skirts of the coat be particularly long, or specially flaring, such as were affected by the brocade gentlemen "at home"—which meant, of course, the gentlemen of England—or would the less swashing and more homelike and decent skirt, such as plain, honest men wore, be adopted? Then, as to the shoe-buckles. Gold shoe-buckles were the natural thing for a gentleman to wear at all times no matter what might be the occasion. A gentleman of the wealth and importance of General Washington would wear gold shoe-buckles as a matter of habit, and nobody would have the right or license to say him nay.

And yet it was possible that there were persons who would not be scrupulous in making a fuss about it—were he to wear them on this his first installation as the virtual ruler of the country. It might be as well to avoid all possibility of that kind of criticism by cutting out the gold shoe-buckles altogether, and wearing the plainest sort of silver shoe-buckles. Shoe-buckles being an absolute necessity, let them be silver. Silver, therefore, they were. As to stockings, no one who was not an outright insane man could object to plain white, even though one were disposed to have them of silk. White silk stockings and silver shoe-buckles were therefore put on the programme.

There was still another point as important, perhaps, as the foregoing three. This was the particular style of the hilt of the dress sword that was to be worn as a matter of course. A ruler of a people that detested even the slightest touch of royalty had to be cautious in the selection of the style of the sword hilt he wore when he was getting inaugurated. Would it be a severely plain hilt of silver? Or, if gold, would it not be a good idea to leave out the chasing that was not infrequently used as an ornamental flourish to the skewers which were worn by persons of quality before Jefferson with his soul-destroying democracy succeeded in getting the upper hand? A gold-hilted sword would have been the natural thing for a man of Washington's undisputed quality, but then it might be questioned by these radicals, and it had to be considered. Washington cut this tough knot squarely in two by rejecting both gold and silver at one stroke, and selecting a sword with a hilt of steel!

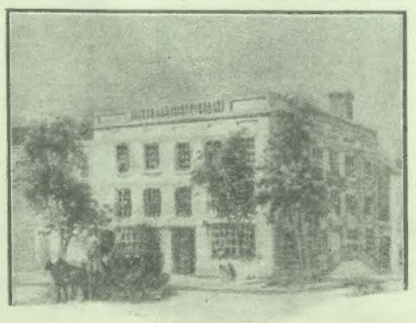
This much in the matter of dress being satisfactory, the rest of the business was easily got through with. Chancellor Livingston held up his right hand, Mr. Otis held up the great Bible, and the oath was administered. Placing his hand reverently on the book, Washington, in a "supplicating" voice, exclaimed, "So help me God!" As he uttered these words Mr. Otis himself stooped down and solemnly touched the book with his lips. The party then retired within the building, the crowd in the street dispersed with renewed cheering, and the first presidential inauguration was a matter of history.

That night crowds filled the streets of New York, which had been gaily decorated for the occasion; joyous suppers were given among friends in the taverns, and other festivities of a proper kind were indulged in. A certain kind of crisis in American affairs was happily passed.

Washington having been inaugurated without any positively dangerous manifestations of monarchic feeling, it was not to be expected that a man of the small stature of Adams could carry himself higher or even as high as the savior of the country. There was nothing in the way of royal fuss and show that Adams would not have had, if he had dared. During the three years of his residence in London as United States minister he had forgotten his early hatred of kings, and had become convinced that the British form of Government would be the right thing for America. He believed that an hereditary President and an hereditary Senate, fixed and secure in their rights, would be a great source of comfort for the country at large as well as for himself. An hereditary President, in control of the army, and an hereditary Senate, in control of other things—this was his programme for the happiness of the country. It was a programme he could have carried if he had had the whole country with him, but one that was hard to carry without that. His occupancy of the presidential chair, which has been built for a Washington, had caused that article of furniture to shrink down to proportions that would have accommodated the prime minister of Queen Mab.

His narrow mind could no more comprehend the democratic principles of Jefferson than a sparrow could master the mechanical principles of an airship. He and his friends of that monarchic crowd did not represent anybody but themselves. They wanted a king in the United States, called a President, and a house of lords, called a Senate, and they wanted to be the king and the house of lords. The country, they felt, would be perfectly happy if they could put that arrangement into effect, and when the country, at the election of 1800, told them just what it thought of them and their arrangement, they sneaked away and hid themselves from the faces of men. It was a great pity that they did not settle in Canada, and thus spare their future apologists the trouble of accounting for them later.

To understand the inauguration of Jefferson it is necessary to know that Jefferson was an advocate of everything that Adams detested. If Washington had been careful of his dress and demeanor for fear of exciting the common people, Jefferson, who looked to the common people for all things good in the way of government, flung dress and ceremony to the four winds of heaven, and trampled the last surviving relics of royalty and "quality" in the mud. That Adams was afraid to face him, as he came into the Capitol to take the oath, is manifest in his worse than pusillanimous conduct on that occasion. With the cowardly flight of Adams—into an obscurity from which he never emerged—the last flicker of royalty and quality disappeared forever from the face of the earth.



(Redrawn from an old Print)

The first Presidential Mansion, at Cherry and Pearl Streets, New York

The election of 1800 came on with a crowd of new ideas and new issues. Many things had happened in the world since Washington had taken that oath of office in that old Federal Hall in New York. Paris had torn down its man-eating prison of a Bastille, the French had killed their King, abolished their aristocracy, and raised up their Napoleon, who was already beginning his mad career of tweaking royalty by the nose and turning it out of doors. In their wild enthusiasm the French had made a present of the key of the Bastille to the first President of the United States, and with their "Rights of Man" flaunting in the face of the whole world, had constituted themselves instructors-in-general in liberty to the human race.

They had introduced the loose pantaloons in the hope of wiping out social distinctions, and by their guillotine they had struck terror into the hearts of the whole brood of fine-feathered persons who were in the habit of wearing jeweled swords, jeweled shoe-buckles, silk stockings, and other marks of quality calculated to remind the inferior person of his real position in the world. They had taken Jefferson's keynote of equality, as he had expressed it in his Declaration of Independence, and had made it the controlling thought of a system the working out of which had amazed and even terrified the world. That Jefferson, the original "equality" man, the first writer of all declarations of equality, was disposed to sympathize with this somewhat practical carrying out of his own ideas, need surprise no one when it is remembered that he was in Paris during the first rebellion against the "constituted authorities", and saw certain French nobles frankly espousing the cause of the common people and sacrificing their own positions and power to do it.

In that election of 1800 the question of king or no king was put up squarely to the people of this country, and was settled once and for all. These people were expecting a civil war, and some of them were ready for it. Had it come, the monarchist party would probably have been severely dealt with, and a cisatlantic reign of terror might have soiled red the book of American history. But the souls of the monarchist leaders were not great enough for that kind of work. Some of them had spoken in a loud voice through their newspapers, with an announcement that any of their party who would "meanly and inconsistently lend his aid to promote Jefferson's election" would "consecrate his name to eternal infamy".

The Flight of Adams

THE seat of government had been at Philadelphia, but now, among the other changes that had taken place in the world, the infant City of Washington had sprung up on the banks of the Potomac, and an infant Capitol was already raising its head to the blue. Here the newly elected President was to be inaugurated, and this was the first ceremony of the kind to be held in the new town. It was in this crisis that the clay feet of Adams were disclosed. On the night before the inauguration, or while it was still dark on the morning of the inauguration (there are several different accounts of it), he, under cloak of darkness, drove out of the city forever.

And to what a beautiful inauguration morning the young country, throbbing with a new-found freedom, the freedom from fear, awoke on that day! The year was 1801, the day was the fourth of March. Let this day be remembered as a second Fourth of July, when not only Tyranny, but every color, shadow and form of Tyranny is to be driven from this soil! They who would entrench themselves behind thrones and hereditary privileges have slunk away in the darkness of the night to which they and their evil ambitions belong. As Mr. Jefferson's representative said to Mr. Adams's representative, when at midnight he went to the Capitol to put a stop to the rushing of new appointments there, "Gentlemen, it is after midnight".

"It is not yet midnight by my watch," replied the man in charge of the appointment making.

"It is after midnight by Mr. Jefferson's watch, and Mr. Jefferson's watch rules the hour!"

Truly, Mr. Jefferson ruled the hour and the day and the time. And this was made gloriously manifest when, with break of day, the inauguration festivities began, not at the Capitol, but in the homes of the people, who celebrated the day with a fervor that never a Fourth of July had seen. The sun came up in a cloudless sky, which was taken as a good omen of the thing that was going to be done, and which was done in the right old way. Patriotic and willing hands and feet pulled at the bell rope of every church in the land that had a bell rope to pull. In the streets of the cities and towns, in public halls and theaters, and in all public places, golden-mouthed orators spoke to the people in glowing trope and other; bands of music,

(Concluded on Page 42)

She Stoops to Conquer

Proving That Cupid Is No Match for Strategy

By REINA MELCHER

Picture by ALICE BEACH WINTER

'I sent you one, Soozie," said Bobbie

BOYS don't like girls 'nless other boys like 'em, too!"

The speaker was Juliet, whose opinion concerning the lords of the earth had come to be considered an authority, and therefore the group of small girls surrounding her listened with awed attention. Nor was their confidence altogether misplaced; what Juliet did not know of the gentle art of conquest was indeed scarce worth the knowing; hers was a very genius of subjugation. As she perched upon her desk in the school room, deserted now save for herself and her audience, she looked as provocative a little piece of femininity as ever discoursed on—or practiced—the beguilements of her sex; her brilliant head, her changeful eyes, her quick-moving, dramatic hands, even her restless, swinging foot proclaimed her a siren, fashioned by Nature to lure—and elude.

"It's true," she pursued, "a boy wants a girl *other* boys want. Why, how'd *you* like to have a sweetheart that nobody else would have? You *wouldn't*—would you? No more would a boy, either!" And she pursed her mouth with a sententious wisdom.

The speech was not wholly wisdom, however; for the initiated, there was in it a perceptible flavor of malice, and when Juliet's roving eyes finally rested on Suzanne, they glinted with spiteful glee. For the memory of a certain Hallowe'en party whereat Bobbie of the cherubic countenance and yellow curls had gone over, heart and hand, to the plain little girl still pricked her sensitive vanity, and if it lay in Juliet's power, Suzanne should yet suffer therefor. Perhaps Suzanne already suffered from the dart of Juliet's insinuation; the latter scrutinized her shrewdly where she stood on the outskirts of the listening circle, and then, leaning suddenly forward, demanded: "What do *you* think about it, Soosie?"

Suzanne straightened to the enemy's attack: "I guess I don't want anybody to like me just 'cause other folks do," she said, and turned on an indifferent heel.

But Suzanne was not so indifferent as she seemed. Bobbie had been somewhat neglectful of late, and Juliet's words, falling on fertile soil, bore bitter fruit. For Suzanne was not the admired of many; she was essentially a "one boy's girl", and her innate loyalty and single-heartedness made the weapons of an indiscriminate coquetry impossible to her. Bobbie was her one boy; since the day when she had found his May-Basket swinging from her door-knob, he had been the hero of her days and of her dreams; dimly she had perceived the forms of other boys moving through the universe, but to her they were no more than shadow-shapes that came now and then between her and the sun. Would Bobbie care less for her because she cared thus much for him?

She had spoken truly when she said that she did not want him to like her for any reason less than her own worth, but nevertheless she could not lightly let him go—even though she must stoop to conquer. Juliet had declared that a boy wanted a girl whom other boys wanted; Juliet always knew whereof she spoke when a boy was the subject of her theme, and Bobbie was a boy. The inference was obvious. Therefore, Suzanne must prove to him that she was such a girl—desired and sought; this she must do to securely hold him; there remained only for her to find a way.

But the way was not easy to find; she had no boys in reserve, as thriftier maidens have; she could recall no admiring glances from other eyes than Bobbie's; the offerings of ruddy apples, and red-and-white-striped stick candy, and slate pencils in gold paper wrappings that bestrewed her desk were his and his alone. She saw herself in a new light—and as Bobbie himself would see her in the course of time—unlovely and unloved! There was not a boy whom she could summon to her aid, and, for the first time she felt the fact to be a humiliation.

Thus far had Juliet's words driven her in the brief space of her homeward walk; she trudged along with downcast eyes and despondent steps, her books hanging heavily from her arm. Bobbie had been wont to carry those books for her, but this afternoon, when she left the school house, she did not find him waiting for her, and his dereliction assumed a menacing significance. It seemed to her that his desertion of her had already begun, and her distress sharpened her determination to convince him of her value.

And just then, at the crucial moment, she looked up—and discovered the way! For her eyes were confronted by a show-window filled with valentines, valentines ornate with lace paper and floral designs, and palpitant with verses wherein hearts and darts appeared with monotonous—though tender—frequency. Thus was the approach of Saint Valentine's Day heralded abroad to languishing youth, and there was not a girl in the town who did not expect to receive one or more of these beauteous tokens of affection. Suzanne had herself been looking forward to her one precious valentine, addressed in Bobbie's round hand, but now she realized that *one* valentine was not enough. For Juliet would have a collection—she well knew how the lads would rival each other to honor that small coquette—and Bobbie would be there to behold the triumph. But after all, Juliet's need not be the only triumph; she had discovered the way—had Suzanne—though, with the intuition of the Puritan, she recognized her discovery as a temptation, and struggled to deny herself the profit thereof. To this end she walked with averted head past the windows where valentines presented so brave a showing, but, turn whither she would, the lovely, foolish symbols of love danced before her vision—lace paper fluttered, water-color roses blossomed, and verses breathed sentimental vows upon the desert air. On reaching home, Suzanne lifted so pale a cheek to the aunts' kisses that they lingered anxiously above her, seeking to learn the cause, but she had inherited the reserve of her race and was gallantly silent.

Presently, under pretense of many lessons to prepare, the little girl crept away to her own room, but, once within its shelter, she laid her books aside. Knowledge was not the goal of her ambition, nor was the printed page the path that led to it. She had been bequeathed a reverence for scholarship, but it withered in the flame of her yearning for that magic quality—charm. To be another Juliet was the height and depth of her desire. She flung herself upon her bed and hid her face within her folded arms, but through closed lids she still saw Bobbie led from her—led along the way whither all other boys went—to Juliet's feet! A sob clamored upward from her heart to her lips; a jealous rage suddenly surged up within her and conscience went down before it. Suzanne was ready now to hold her own however she could!

Throughout the following week, Suzanne bore herself to her schoolmates with a fine independence that sorely puzzled them—the more so that Bobbie showed an inclination to renew his summer's flirtation with Juliet.

"I can't make Soosie out," confided Juliet to her bosom friend.

"Neither can I," admitted the bosom friend, "I guess she's just queer!"

That solution of Suzanne's behavior came to be regarded as the only plausible one. A girl whose sweetheart was making eyes at another girl, however furtively, was not expected to hold up her head among her happier sisters. That she could do so, that she could even smile serenely, the while, was more than queer—it was almost unbelievable.

But Suzanne was not merely serene; she had the air of one who is interested in a secret and delightful enterprise. Perhaps she had, in truth, engaged in some conspiracy, for on several occasions she stole out to the shops after dusk, and so clandestinely did she perform her errands—whatever they may have been—that not even the aunts discovered her untimely expeditions.

On the morning of Saint Valentine's Day, she entered the school room with a manner almost regal. Everyone observed her, for though Suzanne was small for her age and unobtrusive in her dark coloring, she could, when she wished, achieve an effect of height and brilliancy that, if one summed up her assets, was actually uncanny. Other little girls, who had come to school armed with the trophies of their loves, forgot their valentines in watching the amazing conduct of Suzanne. "How *can* she?" they whispered to one another, and scorn and pity were alike swept away by an immense wave of wonderment concerning her who—while neglected by the other sex—could bloom so radiantly on *this day* of all the year. For bloom she did; cheeks and lips and eyes all combined to make vivid her face.

Nor were the girls the only ones whose glances strayed in her direction. Bobbie stared, spell-bound, and Jack Blaine himself, the Beau Brummel of the school, followed her with regretful gaze. If he had but noticed what a bully girl she was, he told himself, he would have sent her a valentine.

Meanwhile the morning hours slipped by, and Suzanne, conscious that she had attained the guerdon of woman's strivings, masculine approbation, wore the garment of her newly-appreciated charm with unflagging spirit. Freed at last by the recess-bell, the girls clustered eagerly together to exhibit their rose-garnished, lace-paper spoils, but Suzanne did not join them. Deliberately, she sat on at her desk, smiling to herself over the book with which she kept patient company. The petticoated band that bent above their valentines looked at her over their shoulders from time to time, and it was thus they saw Beau Brummel drift nonchalantly to her side, linger there in animated converse, and finally depart with visible reluctance, leaving behind him the flower which had graced his dandefied buttonhole—while Bobbie, in the background, gritted his teeth.

The sight was too much for Juliet's good humor—which was at best an uncertain quantity—and with an angry flirt of her skirts, she, in her turn, approached Suzanne: "See my valentines!" she exulted, casting down three gaudy scrolls of verse and flowers.

Suzanne duly admired, but the envy that Juliet longed to rouse was provokingly lacking.

"I 'spose you haven't any?" spitefully inquired the beauty of the plain little girl, and the inquiry was not a question; it was a vindictive assertion.

"Oh," replied Suzanne, quietly, "I've got a few," and she drew forth from her desk a packet of envelopes, a packet that amounted to an imposing number in all. Moreover, each envelope was directed by a different hand, and each bore the local postmark.

Juliet picked them up, one after another, staring at them as if to read the identity of the senders, and her fingers trembled at the task and her pretty brow puckered unbecomingly beneath her red curls.

"Take them out of the envelopes and look at them," Suzanne urged cordially, and Juliet, half in pride, half in curiosity, drew forth the gorgeous emblems of her rival's popularity. For it had come to this—*that Suzanne was a rival.* Lace paper and rainted roses, even cupids bearing stanzas of impassioned verse proclaimed her prowess, and not one boy, but many had contributed to her magnificent success!

Others joined Juliet, until every girl of the school stood abashed before the bright array of Suzanne's desk. And they had pitied her for her threatened kingdom! Now alarm succeeded pity, for, beholding the tribute that had been paid her, it occurred to them that she was not Juliet's rival alone. The whole world of boys were kneeling—at least in spirit—before this new-made queen!

When Suzanne started homeward, laden with her books, her luncheon-basket, and—oh! proud burden—with her valentines, she found Bobbie waiting for her at the school house door. His valentine was among the number that she carried, for he was, after all, of those who are born faithful, and he never strayed far nor long. But he *had* made eyes at Juliet, "just for fun"—none knew it better than he!—and his awakening to Suzanne's popularity was not altogether happy.

"Are you glad you've got so many?" he asked, with a wistful nod at the square white envelopes.

"Very glad," she answered, demurely.

"Did Jack send you one?" he further questioned, and his tone was anxious.

"You don't know who sends you a valentine. Why, it wouldn't *be* a valentine if you did," she evaded.

Bobbie was silent for a moment. You didn't know who sent you a valentine—that was part of the game, not to know. Then—then she did not know that *he* had sent her one, and his offering was a splendid affair on which he had lavished all his substance. The glances of his idle hours had been Juliet's, but the substantial evidence of his affection was for *"his girl"*. That she should not know—he could not bear it!

"I sent you one, Soosie," he blurted. "It's got cupids on it, and po'try inside."

"Oh, Bobbie!" she cried, softly. "How sweet of you!"

Warmed by the fugitive caress in her voice, he expanded: "You're the only girl I ever sent a valentine to," he announced, and then, thrilled to unwonted courage, he made complete surrender of his honest little heart.

"And you're the only girl I ever *will* send one to, Soosie!"

She could not even cry "how sweet of you!" now; she could only lift shining eyes wherein he saw the slow tears rise.

For Suzanne had *stooped* to conquer; the valentines in her imposing packet, with the exception of Bobbie's beloved offering, had been sent to her by none other than herself; her kingdom had been secured to her by her own clever deception; and for this the sad little ghost of her Puritan conscience still wept, and would not be comforted.

MARTIN EDEN

By JACK LONDON

CHAPTER IV

WITH blood still crawling from contact with his miserly brother-in-law, Martin Eden felt his way along the unlighted back hall and entered his room, a tiny cubbyhole with space for a bed, a wash-stand, and one chair. Mr. Higginbotham was too thrifty to keep a servant when his wife could do the work. Besides, the servant's room enabled them to take in two boarders instead of one. Martin placed the Swinburne and Browning on the chair, took off his coat, and sat down on the bed. A screeching of asthmatic springs greeted the weight of his body, but he did not notice them. He started to take off his shoes, but fell to staring at the white plaster walls opposite him, broken by long streaks of dirty brown where rain had leaked through the roof. On this befouled background visions began to flow and burn. He forgot his shoes and stared long, till his lips began to move and he murmured, "Ruth."

"Ruth." He had not thought a simple sound could be so beautiful. It delighted his ear, ond he grew intoxicated with the repetition of it. "Ruth." It was a talisman, a magic word to conjure with. Each time he murmured it, her face shimmered before him, suffusing the foul wall with a golden radiance. This radiance did not stop at the wall. It extended on into infinity, and through its golden depths his soul went questing after hers. The best that was in him was pouring out in splendid flood. The very thought of her ennobled and purified him, made him better, and made him want to be better. This was new to him. He had never known women who had made him better. They had always had the counter effect of making him beastly. He did not know that many of them had done their best, bad as it was. Never having been conscious of himself, he did not know that he had that in his being that drew love from women and which had been the cause of their reaching out for his youth. Though they had often bothered him, he had never bothered about them; and he would never have dreamed that there were women who had been better because of him. Always in sublime carelessness had he lived, till now, and now it seemed to him that they had always reached out and dragged at him with vile hands. This was not just to them, nor to himself. But he, for the first time was becoming conscious of himself, was in no condition to judge, and he burned with shame as he stared at the vision of his infamy.

He got up abruptly and tried to see himself in the dirty looking-glass over the wash-stand. He passed a towel over it and looked again, long and carefully. His eyes were made for seeing, but up to that moment they had been filled with the ever-changing panorama of the world, at which he had been too busy gazing, ever to gaze at himself. He saw the head and face of a young fellow of twenty, but, being unused to such appraisement, he did not know how to value it. Above a square-domed forehead he saw a mop of brown hair, nut-brown, with a wave to it and hints of curls that were a delight to any woman, making hands tingle to stroke it and fingers tingle to pass caresses through it. But he passed it by as without merit, in Her eyes, and dwelt long and thoughtfully on the high, square forehead,—striving to penetrate it and learn the quality of its contents. What kind of a brain lay behind there? was his insistent interrogation. What was it capable of? How far would it take him? Would it take him to her?

He wondered if there was soul in those steel-gray eyes that were often quite blue of color and that were strong with the briny airs of the sun-washed deep. He wondered, also, how his eyes looked to her. He tried to imagine himself her, gazing into those eyes of his, but failed in the jugglery. He could successfully put himself inside other men's minds, but they had to be men whose ways of life he knew. He did not know her way of life. She was wonder and mystery, and how could he guess one thought of hers? Well, they were honest eyes, he concluded, and in them were neither smallness nor meanness. The brown sunburn of his face surprised him. He had not dreamed he was so black. He rolled up his shirt-sleeve and compared the white underside of the arm with his face. Yes, he was a white man after all. But the arms were sunburned, too. He twisted his arm, rolled the biceps over with his hand, and gazed underneath where he

SUMMARY OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

The story opens at the rather luxurious home of Ruth Morse, in Oakland, on the evening that her brother Arthur brought as a guest to a dinner, a rugged young follower of the sea,—Martin Eden. A few days before, Martin had rescued Arthur from an attack by a gang of hoodlums on a San Francisco ferry-boat. The family's gratitude for the act, together with Martin's attractive personality, made him a welcome guest, though his lack of culture and awkwardness were very evident. The youth, imaginative, receptive, responsive, and with an almost unsuspected longing for the better things of life, was overwhelmed with embarrassment at his introduction to these well-to-do and refined people, but his love for the beautiful was awakened. He was attracted by the wealth of books and paintings, and fascinated by the glimpse into a hitherto unknown world.

Ruth, the beautiful and cultured daughter of the house, slender, delicate, golden-haired and gracious, was a revelation to Martin Eden. She seemed like a being from another sphere, impossible of mental association by him with the women of the wild and free life he had led in camps and seaports. As he listened to her playing and her conversation, he became conscious of undreamed possibilities in himself. Ruth—and possibly the world she represented—filled him with a sudden splendor of purpose and high resolve. Instinctively he felt that he had a mind and will to make himself "of her class". Ruth, while repelled by his uncouthness, was attracted by his strength and splendid possibilities, which she only half realized.

The dinner was an ordeal to the broad-shouldered, rough-handed sailor. Finally, however, his sturdiness of character asserted itself, and he felt more at ease and took a share in the talk, in turn charming and shocking the table. After dinner Ruth entertained Martin again, discussing the poets with him, and awakening his thirst for knowledge, though he floundered hopelessly in the talk. Ruth again felt the elemental power of the strange youth, being both attracted and repelled,—but when he left she lent him the volumes of Browning and Swinburne.

He went home in a dream—he boards at his sister's house in Berkeley. Upon arriving there he was still so enthralled that his vulgar and niggardly brother-in-law, Bernard Higginbotham, thought him drunk, and nagged his wife for some time about her worthless brother.

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was least touched by the sun. It was very white. He laughed at his bronzed face in the glass at the thought that it was once as white as the underside of his arm; nor did he dream that in the world there were few pale spirits of women who could boast fairer or smoother skins than he—fairer than where he had escaped the ravages of the sun.

His might have been a cherub's mouth, had not the full, sensuous lips a trick, under stress, of drawing firmly across the teeth. At times, so tightly did they draw, the mouth became stern and harsh, even ascetic. They were the lips of a fighter and of a lover. They could taste the sweetness of life with relish, and they could put the sweetness aside and command life. The chin and jaw, strong and just hinting of square aggressiveness, helped the lips to command life. Strength balanced sensuousness and had upon it a tonic effect, compelling him to love beauty that was healthy and making him vibrate to sensations that were wholesome. And between the lips were teeth that had never known nor needed the dentist's care. They were white and strong and regular, he decided, as he looked at them. But as he looked, he began to be troubled. Somewhere, stored away in the recesses of his mind and vaguely remembered, was the impression that there were people who washed their teeth every day. They were the people from up above—people in her class. She must wash her teeth every day, too. What would she think if she learned that he had never washed his teeth in all the days of his life? He resolved to get a tooth-brush and form the habit. He would begin at once, to-morrow. It was not by mere achievement that he could hope to win her. He must make a personal reform in all things, even to tooth-brushing and neck-gear, though a starched collar affected him as a renunciation of freedom.

They talked first of books—of Swinburne

He held up his hand, rubbing the ball of the thumb over the calloused palm and gazing at the dirt that was ingrained in the flesh itself and which no brush could scrub away. How different was her palm! He thrilled deliciously at the remembrance. Like a rose-petal, he thought; cool and soft as a snowflake. He had never thought that a mere woman's hand could be so sweetly soft. He caught himself imagining the wonder of a caress from such a hand, and flushed guiltily. It was too gross a thought for her. In ways it seemed to impugn her high spirituality. She was a pale slender spirit, exalted far beyond the flesh; but nevertheless the softness of her palm persisted in his thoughts. He was used to the harsh callousness of factory girls and working women. Well he knew why their hands were rough; but this hand of hers. . . . It was soft because she had never used it to work with. The gulf yawned between her and him at the awesome thought of a person who did not have to work for a living. He suddenly saw the aristocracy of the people who did not labor. It towered before him on the wall, a figure in brass, arrogant and powerful. He had worked himself; his first memories seemed connected with work, and all his family had worked. There was Gertrude. When her hands were not hard from the endless housework, they were swollen and red like boiled beef, what of the washing. And there was his sister Marian. She had worked in the cannery the preceding summer, and her slim pretty hands were all scarred with the tomato-knives. Besides, the tips of two of her fingers had been left in the cutting machine at the paper-box factory the preceding winter. He remembered the hard palms of his mother as she lay in her coffin. And his father had worked to the last fading gasp; the horned growth on his hands must have been half an inch thick when he died. But Her hands were soft, and her mother's hands, and her brothers'. This last came to him as a surprise; it was tremendously indicative of the highness of their caste, of the enormous distance that stretched between her and him.

He sat back on the bed with a bitter laugh, and finished taking off his shoes. He was a fool; he had been made drunken by a woman's face and by a woman's soft white hands. And then, suddenly, before his eyes, on the foul plaster-wall appeared a vision. He stood in front of a gloomy tenement house. It was night-time, in the East End of London, and before him stood Margey, a little factory girl of fifteen. He had seen her home after the bean-feast. She lived in that gloomy tenement, a place not fit for swine. His hand was going out to hers as he said good night. She had put her lips up to be kissed, but he wasn't going to kiss her. Somehow he was afraid of her. And then her hand closed on his and pressed feverishly. He felt her callouses grind and grate on his, and a great wave of pity welled over him. He saw her yearning, hungry eyes, and her ill-fed female form which had been rushed from childhood into a frightened and ferocious maturity; then he put his arms about her in large tolerance and stooped and kissed her on the lips. Her glad little cry rang in his ears, and he felt her clinging to him like a cat. Poor little starveling! He continued to stare at the vision of what had happened in the long ago. His flesh was crawling as it had crawled that night when she clung to him, and his heart was warm with pity. It was a gray scene, greasy gray, and the rain drizzled greasily on the pavement stones.

And then a radiant glory shone on the wall, and up through the other vision, displacing it, glimmered Her pale face under its crown of golden hair, remote and inaccessible as a star.

He took the Browning and the Swinburne from the chair and kissed them. Just the same, she told me to call again, he thought. He took another look at himself in the glass, and said aloud, with great solemnity:—

"Martin Eden, the first thing to-morrow you go to the free library an' read up on etiquette. Understand!"

He turned off the gas, and the springs shrieked under his body.

"But you've got to quit cussin', Martin, old boy; you've got to quit cussin'," he said aloud.

Then he dozed off to sleep and to dream dreams that for madness and audacity rivalled those of poppy-eaters.

CHAPTER V

HE awoke next morning from rose scenes of dream to a steamy atmosphere that smelled of soapsuds and dirty clothes, and that was vibrant with the jar and jangle of tormented life. As he came out of his room he heard the slosh of water, a sharp exclamation, and a resounding smack, as his sister visited her irritation upon one of her numerous progeny. The squall of the child went through him like a knife. He was aware that the whole thing, the very air he breathed, was repulsive and mean. How different, he thought, from the atmosphere of beauty and repose of the house wherein Ruth dwelt. There it was all spiritual. Here is was all material, and meanly material.

"Come here, Alfred," he called to the crying child, at the same time thrusting his hand into his trousers pocket, where he carried his money loose in the same large way that he lived in general. He put a quarter in the youngster's hand and held him in his arms a moment, soothing his sobs. "Now run along and get some candy, and don't forget to give some to your brothers and sisters. Be sure and get the kind that lasts longest."

His sister lifted a flushed face from the wash-tub and looked at him.

"A nickel'd ha' ben enough," she said. "It's just like you, no idea of the value of money. The child'll eat himself sick."

"That's all right, Sis," he answered, jovially; "my money'll take care of itself. If you were not so busy, I'd kiss you good morning."

He wanted to be affectionate to this sister who was good, and who, in her way, he knew, loved him. But, somehow, she grew less herself as the years went by, and more and more baffling. It was the hard work, the many children, and the nagging of her husband, he decided, that had changed her. It came to him, in a flash of fancy, that her nature seemed taking on the attributes of stale vegetables, smelly soapsuds, and of the greasy dimes, nickels and quarters she took in over the counter of the store.

"Go along an' get your breakfast," she said roughly, though secretly pleased. Of all her wandering brood of brothers he had always been her favorite. "I declare I *will* kiss you," she said, with a sudden stir at her heart.

With thumb and forefinger she swept the dripping suds first from one arm and then from the other. He put his arms around her massive waist and kissed her wet steamy lips. The tears welled into her eyes—not so much from strength of feeling as from the weakness of chronic overwork. She shoved him away from her, but not before he caught a glimpse of her moist eyes.

"You'll find breakfast in the oven," she said, hurriedly. "Jim ought to be up now. I had to get up early for the washing. Now get along with you and get out of the house early. It wont be nice to-day, what of Tom quittin' an' nobody but Bernard to drive the wagon."

Martin went into the kitchen with a sinking heart, the image of her red face and slatternly form eating its way like acid into his brain. She might love him if she only had some time, he concluded. But she was worked to death. Bernard Higginbotham was a brute to work her so hard. But he could not help but feel, on the other hand, that there had not been anything beautiful in that kiss. It was true, it was an unusual kiss. For years she had kissed him only when he returned from voyages or departed on voyages. But this kiss had tasted of soapsuds, and the lips, he had noticed, were flabby. There had been no quick, vigorous lip-pressure such as should accompany any kiss. Hers was the kiss of a tired woman who had been tired so long that she had forgotten how to kiss. He remembered her as a girl, before

her marriage, when she would dance with the best, all night, after a hard day's work at the laundry, and think nothing of leaving the dance to go to another day's hard work. And then he thought of Ruth and the cool sweetness that must reside in her lips as it resided in all about her. Her kiss would be like her hand-shake or the way she looked at one, firm and frank. In imagination he dared to think of her lips on his, and so vividly did he imagine that he went dizzy at the thought and seemed to rift through clouds of rose-petals, filling his brain with their perfume.

In the kitchen he found Jim, the other boarder, eating mush very languidly, with a sick, far-away look in his eyes. Jim was a plumber's apprentice whose weak chin and hedonistic temperament, coupled with a certain nervous stupidity, promised to take him nowhere in the race for bread and butter.

"Why don't you eat?" he demanded, as Martin dipped dolefully into the cold, half-cooked oatmeal mush. "Was you drunk again last night?"

Martin shook his head. He was oppressed by the utter squalidness of it all. Ruth Morse seemed farther removed than ever.

"I was," Jim went on with a boastful, nervous giggle. "I was loaded right to the neck. Oh, she was a daisy; Billy brought me home."

Martin nodded that he heard—it was a habit of nature with him to pay heed to whomever talked to him—and poured a cup of lukewarm coffee.

"Goin' to the Lotus Club dance to-night?" Jim demanded. "They're goin' to have beer, an' if that Temescal bunch comes, there'll be a rough house. I don't care, though. I'm takin' my lady friend just the same. Cripes, but I've got a taste in my mouth."

He made a wry face and attempted to wash the taste away with coffee.

"D'ye know Julia?"

Martin shook his head.

"She's my lady friend," Jim explained, "and she's a peach. I'd introduce you to her, only you'd win her. I don't see what the girls see in you, honest I don't; but the way you win them away from the fellers is sickenin'."

"I never got any away from you," Martin answered, uninterestedly. The breakfast had to be got through somehow.

"Yes, you did, too," the other asserted warmly. "There was Maggie."

"Never had anything to do with her. Never danced with her except that one night."

"Yes, an' that's just what did it," Jim cried out. "You just danced with her an' looked at her, and it was all off. Of course you didn't mean nothin' by it, but it settled me for keeps. Wouldn't look at me again. Always askin' about you. She'd have made dates fast enough with you if you'd wanted to."

"But I didn't want to."

"Wasn't necessary. I was left at the post." Jim looked at him admiringly. "How d'ye do it, anyway, Mart?"

"By not carin' about 'em," was the answer.

"You mean makin' b'lieve you don't care about them?" Jim queried eagerly.

Martin considered for a moment, then answered: "Perhaps that will do, but with me I guess it's different. I never have cared—much. If you can put it on, it's all right, most likely."

"You should 'a' ben up at Riley's barn last night," Jim announced, inconsequentially. "A lot of the fellers put on the gloves. There was a peach from West Oakland. They called 'm 'The Rat'. Slick as silk. No one could touch 'm. We was all wishin' you was there. Where was you, anyway?"

"Down in Oakland," Martin replied.

"To the show?"

Martin shoved his plate away and got up.

"Comin' to the dance to-night?" the other called after him.

"No, I think not," he answered.

He went downstairs and out into the street, breathing great breaths of air. He had been suffocating in that atmosphere, while the apprentice's chatter had driven him frantic. There had been times when it was all he could do to refrain from reaching over and mopping Jim's face in the mush-plate. The more he had chattered, the more remote had Ruth seemed to him. How could he, herding with such cattle, ever become worthy of her? He was appalled at the problem confronting him, weighed down by the incubus of his working-class station. Everything reached out to hold him down—his sister, his sister's house and family, Jim the apprentice, everybody he knew, every tie of life. Existence did not taste good in his mouth. Up to then he had accepted existence, as he had lived it with all about him, as a good thing. He had never questioned it, except when he read books; but then, they were only books, fairy stories of a fairer and impossible world. But now he had seen that world, possible and real, with a flower of a woman called Ruth in the midmost center of it; and thenceforth he must know bitter tastes, and longings sharp as pain, and hopelessness that tantalized because it fed on hope.

He had debated between the Berkeley Free Library and the Oakland Free Library, and decided upon the latter because Ruth lived in Oakland. Who could tell?—a library was a most likely place for her, and he might see her there. He did not know the way of libraries, and he wandered through endless rows of fiction, till the delicate-featured French-looking girl who seemed in charge, told him that the reference department was up-stairs. He did not know enough to ask the man at the desk, and began his adventures in the philosophy alcove. He had heard of book philosophy, but had not imagined there had been so much written about it. The high bulging shelves of heavy tomes humbled him and at the same time stimulated him. Here was work for the vigor of his brain. He found books on trigonometry in the mathematics section, and ran the pages, and stared at the meaningless formulas and figures. He could read English, but he saw there an alien speech. Norman and Arthur knew that speech. He had heard them talking it. And they were her brothers. He left the alcove in despair. From every side the books seemed to press upon him and crush him. He had never dreamed that the fund of human knowledge bulked so big. He was frightened. How could his brain ever master it all? Later, he remembered that there were other men, many men, who had mastered it; and he breathed a great oath, passionately, under his breath, swearing that his brain could do what theirs had done.

And so he wandered on, alternating between depression and elation as he stared at the shelves packed with wisdom. In one miscellaneous section he came upon a "Norrie's Epitome". He turned the pages reverently. In a way, it spoke a kindred speech. Both he and it were of the sea. Then he found a "Bowditch" and books by Leckey and Marshall. There it was; he would teach himself navigation. He would quit drinking, work up, and become a captain. Ruth seemed very near to him in that moment. As a captain, he could marry her (if she would have him). And if she wouldn't, well—he would live a good life among men, because of Her, and he would quit drinking anyway. Then he remembered the underwriters and the owners, the two masters a captain must serve, either of which could and would break him and whose interests were diametrically opposed. He cast his eyes about the room and closed the lids down on a vision of ten thousand books. No; no more of the sea for him. There was power in all that wealth of books, and if he would do great things, he must do them on the land. Besides, captains were not allowed to take their wives to sea with them.

Noon came, and afternoon. He forgot to eat, and sought on for books on etiquette; for, in addition to career, his mind was vexed by a simple and very concrete problem: When you meet a young lady and she asks you to call, how soon can you call? was the way he worded it to himself. But when he found the right shelf, he sought vainly for the answer. He was appalled at the vast edifice of etiquette, and lost himself in the mazes of visiting-card conduct between persons in polite society. He abandoned his search. He had not found what he wanted, though he had found that it would take all a man's time to be polite, and that he would have to live a preliminary life in which to learn how to be polite.

"Did you find what you wanted?" the man at the desk asked him as he was leaving.

"Yes, sir," he answered. "You have a fine library here."

The man nodded. "We should be glad to see you here often. Are you a sailor?"

"Yes, sir," he answered. "And I'll come again."

Now how did he know that? he asked himself as he went down the stairs.

And for the first block along the street he walked very stiff and straight and awkwardly, until he forgot himself in his thoughts, whereupon his rolling gait gracefully returned to him.

CHAPTER VI

A TERRIBLE restlessness that was akin to hunger afflicted Martin Eden. He was famished for a sight of the girl whose slender hands had gripped his life with a giant's grasp. He could not steel himself to call upon her. He was afraid that he might call too soon, and, so, be guilty of an awful breach of that awful thing called etiquette. He spent long hours in the Oakland and Berkeley libraries, and made out application blanks for membership for himself, his sisters Gertrude and Marian, and Jim, the latter's consent being obtained at the expense of several glasses of beer. With four cards permitting him to draw books, he burned the gas late in the servant's room, and was charged fifty cents a week for it by Mr. Higginbotham.

The many books he read but served to whet his unrest. Every page of every book was a peep-hole into the realm of knowledge. His hunger fed upon what he read and increased. Also, he did not know where to begin, and continually suffered from lack of preparation. The commonest references, that he could see plainly every reader was expected to know, he did not know. And the same was true of the poetry he read which maddened him with delight. He read more of Swinburne than was contained in the volume Ruth had lent him; and "Dolores" he understood thoroughly. But surely Ruth did not understand it, he concluded. How could she, living the refined life she did? Then he chanced upon Kipling's poems, and was swept away by the lilt and swing and glamour with which familiar things had been invested. He was amazed at the man's sympathy with life and at his incisive psychology. Psychology was a new word in Martin's vocabulary. He had bought a dictionary, which deed had decreased his supply of money and brought nearer the day on which he must sail in search of more. Also, it incensed Mr. Higginbotham, who would have preferred the money taking the form of board.

He dared not go near Ruth's neighborhood in the day-time, but night found him lurking like a thief around the Morse home, stealing glimpses at the windows and loving the very walls that sheltered her. Several times he barely escaped being caught by her brothers, and once he trailed Mr. Morse down town and studied his face in the lighted streets, longing all the while for some quick danger of death to threaten so that he might spring in and save her father. On another night, his vigil was rewarded by a glimpse of Ruth through a second-story window. He saw only her head and shoulders, and her arms raised as she fixed her hair before a mirror. It was only for a moment, but it was a long moment to him, during which his blood turned to wine and sang through his veins. Then she pulled down the shade. But it was her room—he had learned that; and thereafter he strayed there often, hiding under a dark tree on the opposite side of the street and smoking countless cigarettes. One afternoon he saw her mother coming out of a bank, and received another proof of the enormous distance that separated Ruth from him. She was of the class that dealt with banks. He had never been inside a bank in his life, and he had an idea that such institutions were frequented only by the very rich and the very powerful.

In one way, he had undergone a moral revolution. Her cleanliness and purity had reacted upon him, and he felt in his being a crying need to be clean. He must be that if he were ever to be worthy of breathing the same air with her. He washed his teeth, and scrubbed his hands with a kitchen scrub-brush till he saw a nail-brush in a drug store window and divined its use. While purchasing it, the clerk glanced at his nails, suggested a nail-file, and so he became possessed of an additional toilet-tool. He ran across a book in the library on the care of the body, and promptly developed a penchant for a cold-water bath every morning, much to the amazement of Jim, and to the bewilderment of Mr. Higginbotham, who was not in sympathy with such high-fangled notions and who seriously debated whether or not he should charge Martin extra for the water. Another stride was in the direction of creased trousers. Now that Martin was aroused in such matters, he swiftly noted the difference between the baggy knees of the trousers worn by the working class and the straight line from knee to foot of those worn by the men above the working class. Also, he learned the reason why, and invaded his sister's kitchen in search of irons and ironing-board. He had misadventure at first, hopelessly burning one pair and buying another, which expenditure again brought nearer the day on which he must put to sea.

But the reform went deeper than mere outward appearance. He still smoked, but he drank no more. Up to that time drinking had seemed to him the proper thing for men to do, and he had prided himself on his strong head which enabled him to drink most men under the table. Whenever he encountered a chance shipmate, and there were many in San Francisco, he treated them and was treated in turn, as of old, but he ordered for himself root beer or ginger ale and good-naturedly endured their chaffing. And as they waxed maudlin he studied them, watching the beast rise and master them and thanking God that he was no longer as they. They had their limitations to forget, and when they were drunk, their dim, stupid spirits were even as gods, and each ruled in his heaven of intoxicated desire. With Martin the need for strong drink had vanished. He was drunken in new and more profound ways—with Ruth, who had fired him with love and with a glimpse of higher and eternal life; with books, that had set a myriad maggots of desire gnawing in his brain; and with the sense of personal cleanliness he was achieving, that gave him even superber health than what he had enjoyed and that made his whole body sing with physical well-being.

One night he went to the theater on the blind chance that he might see her there, and from the second balcony he did see her. He saw her come down the aisle, with Arthur and a strange young man with a football mop of hair and eyeglasses, the sight of whom spurred him to instant apprehension and jealously. He saw her take her seat in the orchestra circle, and little else than her did he see that night—a pair of slender white shoulders and a mass of pale gold hair, dim with distance. But there were others who saw, and now and again, glancing at those about

(*Continued on Page 34*)

Sunbeams from the South

By FRANK L. STANTON

PHOTO BY WILL F. NELSON

Brer Dickey an' de Taft Possum

The Revival of the Possum

WHEN Brother Dickey bagged what he called "de fattest possum dat ever winked his shiny eye at de righteous," he smacked his mouth the whole way home in joyous contemplation of a juicy feast. "My, my, honey, but you's heavy!" he muttered. "Still, sense de Good Book tell us dat we mus' take up our burdens, an' go 'long wid 'um, I aint gwine ter complain er you—not *me!* I gwine ter be meeker'n what ol' Moses wuz w'en he smited de rock an' made de water fly; patient ez ol' Job, w'en his fr'en's tol' him he wuz no good nohow, an' dat wife what he had gin him a piece er her min' ez ter how come an' why, an' tol' him dat it 'ud be cheaper ter have a funeral on de installment plan than ter be scratchin' hisse'f fer de easin' er his pain—'speshully ez he didn' have no money ter pay de doctor bill. No, honey, I aint gwine ter fuss at you kaze you fat, n'er fin' fault wid you kaze you heavy, seein' ez how you done take de place er a fr'en' in need. Providence hez so fixed it, honey, dat dey won't be nobody ter home but des you an' me, an' de bes' oak fire dat ever made ol' Man Winter 'low dat summer done crope up on him 'fo' he knowed; an' dat his time had come ter go 'long whar he gwine. An' lemme tell you, honey, I gwine ter dress you up so dat you des wont know yo' own se'f—I sho' is! Ef you likes 'taters sopped in gravy—de bes' an' bigges' in de patch, I'll bank 'um up all 'roun' you, an' ef you calls fer mo', mo' will be comin'! Honey, yer's de house—de chain rattles an' de do' opens! Walk in—walk in!"

Still chuckling, he entered and laid his burden down. It wasn't long before that possum was being "cooked to a turn", and Brother Dickey, seated in his split-bottom chair, hummed this old plantation tune:

"Rabbit sweet an' good ter eat,
My honey, how you do?
But dey aint no meat lak' possum meat,
My honey, how you do?

"Watermillion is hard ter beat,
Ham an' hog-jowl mighty sweet;
But dey aint no meat lak' possum meat,
My honey, how you do?

"Brer Possum say: 'Hits a holiday,
My honey, how you do?
An' de folks is hongry dat come my way,—
My honey, how you do?

" 'De folks is hongry, an' dey wants ter eat,
An' I'm des de bes' man anybody meet;
An' dey knows what good, an' dey knows what sweet,—
My honey, how you do?' "

Now, when Brother Dickey was leading that possum to the sacrifice he was not aware that two mischievous youngsters of the neighborhood were following him, or that they had a live possum in a secure place nearby, and had entered into a conspiracy against him. But so it was.

Brother Dickey placed the well-browned possum on the table, surveyed him with the eye of appetite, then muttered: "Now, I ready fer you, honey, an' you is ready fer me. But 'fo' I sets down ter de enjoyment er you, I better git a bucket er spring water ter drink yo' health."

He wasn't long away; but when he returned, and entered the cabin door, the bucket fell from his trembling hands, and the old man himself dropped to his knees. The possum repast he had left there had vanished, and there in its stead, stood a live grinning possum!

"Stop dat, honey, stop dat!" he groaned. "Fer de Lawd sake, don't grin at me so! I kilt you an' I cooked you, an' I 'lowed ter eat you, but I didn't mean it, honey—I didn't mean it! Oh, Lawd have mussy on me—mis'bul sinner what I is!"

The youngsters shrieking with laughter outside, said, and others of the neighborhood said, that the fleetest hound in the settlement could not have overtaken Brother Dickey on his wild race for the tall timber! He used to complain mightily of the rheumatism, but he showed no signs of it then. And when they finally located him, he was a mile and a half from the county line, and still going—weak, but willing to give trouble the race of its life! It was sometime before they could coax him home again, and when they did, it was only to pack up belongings and depart for pastures new. And they do say that Brother Dickey has been superstitious about possums ever since!

Providential Bowlegs

"Providence," said the deacon, "sho' do look atter de cullud race."

"How come?" demanded Brother Dickey.

"Well, hit's disaway: De nigger baby, ez dey say, walk too soon."

"Sho' do!" asserted Brother Dickey.

"Dat makes him bowlegged."

"Now you talkin'!"

"An' bowlegs is de mos' convenientest legs in de worl' fer climbin' a tree w'en a possum's on de top limb!"

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The Kidnapping of President Lincoln

By JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

III—(*Concluded*)

BETHUNE and his aunt were soon on good terms again, and they made their way slowly back to the White House, evidently thinking that Mr. Sanders had gone in. Presently a servant came out, hunting for Tad.

"We have been searching for you everywhere," the man said. "Your lunch is ready."

"Lunch!" cried Tad. He had been brought out of fableland so suddenly that he could hardly realize his surroundings. "Wont you come?" he said to Mr. Sanders, with appealing eyes. "Please! Oh, please come!"

"No; I reckon I better wait for you out here, or in the pen where they put the office-hunters," said Mr. Sanders.

"We have some extra fine soup, sir," remarked the servant, by way of a suggestion.

When Mr. Sanders had been made perfectly sure that whatever pleased the child would be pleasing to his father and mother, he took Tad's hand, and together they went to the children's lunch-room. It is doubtful if Tad ever had another such day. The fun (for him) began when he made a somewhat riotous protest against a bib.

"Don't you wear 'em?" inquired Mr. Sanders, in tones of surprise. "Well, I allers do." He turned to the waiter. "I wisht you'd pin one around my neck. I don't feel right wi'out 'em."

Then, with the napkin on, he made believe to be a little boy, and he carried out the pretense so solemnly that Tad fairly screamed with laughter. In fact, the youngster reached the point where he'd laugh almost to exhaustion every time Mr. Sanders looked at him. Mrs. Lincoln, hearing this unusual sound, left her guests for a moment and peeped in the door. For an instant she couldn't realize the situation. Mr. Sanders was saying, "What's your name?" and Tad was telling him. To which the reply was, "Well, I'm named little Billy, an' I want some syrup in my plate so I can sop it." As Tad could say nothing for laughing, Mr. Sanders went on:

"One time I was eatin' a chicken gizzard an' I got to laughin', an' the fust thing anybody know'd the gizzard was stuck in my goozle. My mammy seed I was chokin', an' she hit me a lick on the back as hard as a mule can kick, an' the gizzard flew out an' knocked the cruet-stand off'n the table. This made me laugh, an' my mammy says, 'Sposin' you'd 'a' been gnawin' on the whole chicken, where'd you be now?' an' I says, 'Humph! you better ax where the chicken'd be.'"

This was too much for Tad. He slid out of his chair and fell on the floor, where he fairly screamed with laughter. The dignified waiter caught the contagion somehow. He turned his back upon the rest and leaned half bent against the wall, trying to hold his sides with one arm. Mrs. Lincoln ran back to relate the episode to her guests, and in her efforts to tell of the scene she witnessed, her laughter became uncontrollable, and pretty soon she and her guests were in a state bordering on the hysterical—all except one, an elderly lady, the wife of a Cabinet Minister, who sat looking from one to the other with eyebrows lifted, and a countenance expressive of contempt.

This lady seized upon this unpropitious moment to take her departure, and the gravity of her demeanor, as she bowed herself out, was such as to give new cause for laughter. The finishing touch was given when Mrs. Lincoln, who had a keen eye for the ridiculous, so far succeeded in controlling her countenance as to give a swift imitation of the solemn exit of the lady who had retired.

This last incident, as free from malice as an innocent caper of a schoolgirl, was duly reported to the Cabinet Minister's wife, and that lady made it her business from that time forth to spread abroad hints of Mrs. Lincoln's "flightiness", and out of these hints, so industriously planted, grew the thousand and one fictions that were scattered up and down the land in regard to the mental condition of this bright lady of the White House.

That evening at dinner, after Bethune and Mr. Sanders had been introduced to Mr. Stanton and to Congressman Hudspeth, Mr. Lincoln referred to Tad's enjoyable luncheon, an enthusiastic account of which the lad had already given his father. Mr. Sanders made some humorous remarks on the subject of amusing children. For a time the talk was wholly between these two. Mr. Stanton seemed to be absorbed, though he watched the two Southerners very closely, while Hudspeth's thoughts appeared to be far afield. Finally, Mr. Sanders turned to Mr. Hudspeth and asked him if he had ever been in Georgia.

"Yes; I had some peculiar as well as some very pleasant experiences there."

"I allowed I'd met you there; you lived wi' Addison Abercrombie," remarked Mr. Sanders. "You needn't be ashamed of it," he went on, "for Mr. Seward was a school-teacher down in that neighborhood years ago."

"Well, I wonder!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln. "Stanton, the Governor has never told us about that. Well, well!"

"I mind him well," Mr. Sanders continued. "He was thin as a rail, wi' a big nose, an' his Adam's apple stuck out like a potleg. He had red hair an' a freckled face."

Mr. Hudspeth asked about little Crotchet, who was dead, and about Aaron, the Arab, in regard to whom Mr. Sanders volunteered the information that he now owned the Abercrombie place.

"What nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Stanton, almost angrily.

"I mean, sir," exclaimed Mr. Sanders with a deprecatory gesture, "that Aaron is by the Abercrombie place like some folks I've seen are about the Government. He thinks he owns it, an' he don't; they think they're runnin' the Government, an' they aint."

Mr. Stanton swelled up like a gobbler, as Mr. Sanders described it afterward, but Mr. Lincoln came to the rescue. Laughing heartily, he cried:

"A fair hit, friend Sanders! You've touched my weak point. I reckon I do put on too many airs."

Mr. Sanders had a remark ready, but he felt his foot pressed and he held his peace. At that moment Mr. Stanton addressed him.

"Who gave you a commission to come here?"

"A fellow named Doyle." It was Bethune who answered, and not Mr. Sanders. "Doyle gave me a pass from Mr. Lincoln. I regarded it as an invitation."

"And so it was," said Mr. Lincoln.

"Who invited you?" inquired the Secretary, turning his spectacles on Mr. Sanders.

"Well, I'm like the stranger at the infair. The folks saw him hangin' 'roun' the door, an' some on 'em axed him what he was doin' there, an' he said, says he, 'I heard the fiddlin' an' the shufflin', an' smelt the dram, an' I jest thought I'd look on an' see well done done well'."

"Well, you may say that you had an invitation, too," remarked Mr. Lincoln. "I wouldn't have missed knowing you for a good deal."

"I can vouch for that," said Mr. Stanton, ironically.

"If you can, Mr. Secretary, so much the better," Mr. Lincoln declared, with some emphasis. "But these gentlemen are my guests. If they are to be catechized and cross-examined, I'm the one to do it."

"But will you?" inquired the Secretary, eagerly.

"No, I wont," replied the President.

"Why, Mr. President," cried Mr. Sanders, "he don't pester us one grain."

"Mr. President, I have just one more question to ask," said the Secretary.

"Fire away!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders.

"Did the man Doyle give you a despatch to be delivered to the War Department?"

"He did," replied Bethune. "I suspected that it was a trap laid for us, opened it, and had it deciphered. I kept a copy of the translation, and will now take occasion to present it to the President, so that he may see how the lives of human beings are trafficked in by those who desire to win Mr. Stanton's favor. We fell into the hands of a man named Awtry, but we insisted that he should bring us to the President."

He handed the copy of the despatch to Mr. Lincoln, who read it, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. Then he turned to Bethune, and regarded him with a half-humorous, half-melancholy, but wholly attractive smile.

"May I see this extraordinary despatch, Mr. President?" asked the Secretary, holding out his hand for it.

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"You have no objections?" the President nodded to Bethune.

"None in the world, Mr. President," was the calm and confident reply.

"Well, anyhow, I reckon I'd better put it in my pocket," said Mr. Lincoln, in his slow, deliberate way. "It might worry you, Stanton, and it's a matter too trifling for you to be worried about. No, I'll take charge of it myself." With that he folded the copy carefully and placed it in an old morocco pocketbook. He was absorbed in thought a moment or two, drumming on the table with his fingers. Then he lifted his head and laughed, remarking, "It reminds me of a story I heard—"

"Good night, Mr. President! Good night, Hudspeth!" exclaimed the Secretary, sharply, as he arose from the table. "You two," he said, indicating Bethune and Mr. Sanders, "will hear from me again."

"My post-office is Salem, Injianny," remarked Mr. Sanders, in his matter-of-fact way.

This was too much for Mr. Lincoln, who laughed uproariously as Stanton stalked out. But he suddenly grew grave again. "I'm always forgetting my dignity," he declared. "Stanton is angry, and he has a right to be. But if he had seen this affair"—tapping his pocket—"he'd have half a regiment on guard here, and he'd keep it up until I went out and dismissed 'em, as a country showman dismisses his audience."

Congressman Hudspeth had a good many questions to ask about old acquaintances, and he and Mr. Sanders were soon engaged in a friendly discussion over the rights and wrongs of the war. It was a discussion altogether useless, a fact to which the President called attention, with the result of putting an end to it. Shortly afterward, Mr. Hudspeth, he being a prominent member of the military committee, excused himself and retired, and Bethune and Mr. Sanders soon followed his example.

"I'd ask you to sit up with me awhile," said the President, "but I'll have a busy night of it. Come to-morrow night about ten. We must talk about your trip South. Miss Brandon, as she calls herself, is very particular, and we must try and meet her views."

"You leave her to me, Mr. President," remarked Mr. Sanders, suggestively.

"Gladly, gladly, my friend!" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, so heartily that Mr. Sanders was compelled to laugh, and even Bethune smiled.

Curiously enough, neither of the Southerners, as they returned to their apartments, spoke of the scheme which had originally brought them to Washington. Each was anxious that the other should make a suggestion to abandon it altogether, while each, for reasons that will be clear to every masculine mind, hesitated about making such a suggestion. Thus it was that neither mentioned the plan in any shape or form that night or the next day. It was a queer situation, and it was altogether characteristic that Bethune should worry over its embarrassments while Mr. Sanders was inwardly chuckling over its humorous features.

It was not until they were about to leave the hotel at the hour agreed upon that a word was said on the subject.

"I reckon you're feelin' a little nervous, Frank," suggested Mr. Sanders.

"Not more than you, I venture," replied Bethune, calmly.

As Mr. Sanders had expected a somewhat different reply, he merely pursed his lips as though he were going to whistle, and said no more.

The carriage was at the door, and Bethune and Mr. Sanders were driven swiftly to the White House. The two Southerners found Mr. Lincoln in high good humor. He welcomed them in the heartiest manner, slapping Mr. Sanders on the back and displaying, in the most unaffected manner, his delight at seeing his "two friends from Georgia," as he called them.

"You must have heard good news, Mr. President," suggested Bethune.

"Well, if I had, I wouldn't tell you fellows; it would be bad news to you. But, as an old friend of mine used to say, 'No news is good news,' and when there's no fuss in the family, and no quarrel about a fence line, and the cow is giving down her milk, and the hens are laying, the man who forgets to be happy will miss a mighty good chance."

"That's so," assented Mr. Sanders.

"By the way," said Mr. Lincoln, turning to Bethune,

"what put it into that man's head to charge you fellows with plotting to kidnap the President?"

"Doyle, you mean? Well, Mr. President, he could as easily have charged us with plotting to assassinate the President. I wonder he didn't, since all he had to do was to choose the word," replied Bethune.

"Well, when you two get back, what will you do to this man?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"Why, we are in hopes his case will be attended to before we lay eyes on him again," was the answer.

"Is that so?" exclaimed Mr. Lincoln, sitting bolt upright. Then he laughed lightly, and leaned back again, throwing one of his long legs over the arm of his chair. "Well, don't be too hard on him."

The President, leaning back with his hands behind his head, gazed at the ceiling in silence for some time, apparently in a profound study. Then he laughed aloud at some amusing thought, and once more sat upright in his chair.

"Now, about this kidnapping business," he remarked. "Do you think it would be an easy matter to kidnap the President?" Mr. Sanders gave a gasp of surprise as he turned in his seat.

"Mr. President," said Bethune, leaning forward and speaking in grave, measured accents, "Mr. President, it would be the easiest thing in the world."

"What time is it?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"About half after ten," replied Mr. Sanders, consulting his silver watch, which was as big as a biscuit, and weighed about half a pound.

"Well, Stanton is to be here about half-past eleven, and

The driver put the lash to the horses

he usually comes ahead of time. Now, what I want you to do," Mr. Lincoln went on with some eagerness, "is to show me how that kidnapping business could be carried out. Let's suppose a case, what we lawyers call a hypothetical case. Let's take it for granted that, in the performance of your duty, as you look at it, you had concluded that the easiest way to achieve what you call your independence, is to seize the President and carry him South. Then let us suppose that matters had fallen out pretty much as they have. Here you are, two quick-witted Confederates; now show me how the kidnapping could be carried out."

"But, Mr. President," exclaimed Bethune, "that is precisely—" Mr. Lincoln stopped him. "I know—I know!" he cried, and his voice overbore that of Bethune. Know! what did he know? "I know how you feel about it; but this is purely a hypothetical case. I am supposed to be taken unawares."

Both Bethune and Mr. Sanders had arisen from their chairs, partly to conceal their excitement and partly to seize what seemed to be a providential opportunity. The event had, as it were, been taken out of their hands. They seemed to have no choice in the matter.

"Well, Mr. President, supposing that we had come here on such a mission," said Bethune, "it would probably be carried out in this way, making due allowances for emergencies." He went to the inner door and looked in. Then he went to the outer door and looked out into the wide entrance. The moment was propitious. He returned, stood by the President's chair, and then touched him sharply on the shoulder.

"Mr. Lincoln, great emergencies sometimes call for cruel remedies," Bethune's voice was grim in its earnestness. "We are two Confederates. You are our prisoner. Make no outcry. Not a hair of your head shall be harmed if you obey instructions. The situation is desperate for us, but it is more desperate for you."

The President looked into Bethune's eyes and seemed to understand the situation. "Well, you'd certainly make a fine actor," he remarked.

"Come, Mr. President; we have not a moment to lose," said Bethune.

"Let me get my hat," suggested the President. Having secured this, he said, "Some sort of weapon is necessary where force is talked of."

"What is this?" asked Bethune, holding up a pistol.

"And this?" said Mr. Sanders, holding up its mate.

"The argument is concluded and the witness is with you," remarked Mr. Lincoln, with a chuckle. Then he added: "But kidnapping can't be carried on on foot. I'm a pretty good walker, but if I was to take the studs and lie down in the road, you'd have some trouble."

"The carriage waits, Mr. Lincoln," replied Bethune, grimly. "Remember, you are supposed to be going of your own accord."

"By jing!" exclaimed the President; "I reckon this is what the play-actors call a full-dress rehearsal."

He went forward very cheerfully, however. When they came to the carriage the President entered first, Bethune following. Mr. Sanders mounted to the driver's seat.

"Where are you, Sanders?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"I'm goin' to take the air," Mr. Sanders replied.

"Well, here, swap hats with me. I can't wear mine in here unless we cut a hole in the roof."

Mr. Lincoln leaned from the window and passed his tall hat up to Mr. Sanders, and received in return the soft felt hat that Mr. Sanders wore.

The carriage turned into the street and went whistling away in the direction arranged by John Omahundro.

"Which way are we going?" the President asked.

"I couldn't say, Mr. President; I'm not familiar with this part of the country."

Mr. Lincoln said nothing more for some little time. Then, "Don't you think this affair is getting to be a little too natural?" he suggested.

"I had some such idea, Mr. President," replied Bethune.

"I was thinking," said Mr. Lincoln, "that if Stanton should come to the White House, and find me gone, and began to inquire about—I was just thinking what would happen to that kinswoman of yours."

"Well, he would have to reckon with Mrs. Lincoln," replied Bethune.

"That's so," assented the President, with a chuckle. "Stanton is not much of a favorite with any of the family except me. But if Mrs. Lincoln should take alarm, then there'd be trouble for the Southern lady."

This was a new phase of the affair. But Bethune felt that Providence or Fate had tied his hands. He could do nothing. They went forward rapidly for two or three miles. Then they heard a protesting voice: "Hold on there, will you! Haint you got no eyes in your blamed noggin? I lay if I take a rock an' knock you off'n that barouche you'll think you saw somethin'." There was a light wagon in the road to which a couple of horses were hitched. The driver of Bethune's carriage stopped his team, handed the reins to Mr. Sanders, and joined the complaining person, who was no other than John Omahundro, in the road.

"Wait!" said the latter in a low tone. He put his hand to his ear and listened. "I hear a cavalry squad coming. Jump in the carriage, turn around—there's plenty of room here—and drive back the way you came."

"Any danger for me?" asked the driver.

"Not a bit in the world," responded Omahundro. "Get a move on you; you want the cavalry to meet you with your horses' heads turned toward town."

No time was lost in making this movement. The driver put the lash to the horses as they were making the turn, and when they met the squad of pursuing cavalry the carriage was moving toward the city at a brisk trot.

"Halt!" cried a commanding voice.

"Well, if you knowed who you was haltin', maybe you wouldn't be so uppity," exclaimed Mr. Sanders.

The Captain, making out the outline of Mr. Lincoln's hat, which the genial Georgian was wearing, cried out, "Is that you, Mr. President?"

For answer, Mr. Lincoln leaned his head from the window and said, "Yes, it's me; what's the trouble? Any bad news from the front? Speak out, my man. I'm used to trouble. You seem to be excited; what is it?"

"Why, Mr. President, Mr. Stanton is at the White House in a great state of alarm. He thinks you have been seized and carried off. He gave me orders to take ten men, pursue the carriage, and overtake it at all hazards."

"What then?" asked Mr. Lincoln.

"He took me aside, Mr. President," explained the Captain," and said, 'When you catch those villians, let your patriotism dictate your course.'"

"Well, what does your patriotism dictate?" asked Mr. Lincoln, dryly.

"I am under your orders, Mr. President. If you have none to give, I will have the honor of escorting you to the White House."

"It is unnecessary," replied Mr. Lincoln. "Ride on ahead, and when you arrive at the White House, tell Secretary Stanton to disband his forces, horse, foot, and dragoons, take down the barricades, and permit my friends and myself to enter on the terms that have always existed."

The officer saluted in the dark and was about to give the necessary orders, when Mr. Lincoln again spoke. "What time is it?" The officer struck a match and looked at his watch. "Ten-fifty, Mr. President."

"Thank you. The secretary was a notch or two ahead of time," Mr. Lincoln remarked.

"Yes, Mr. President. A man named Doyle arrived from the South to-night, and informed the Secretary about two rebels—"

"You mean Confederates, I reckon, Captain," suggested Mr. Lincoln.

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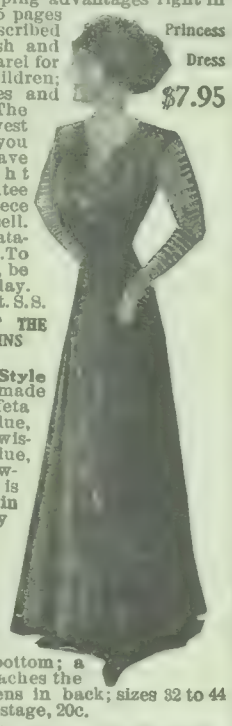

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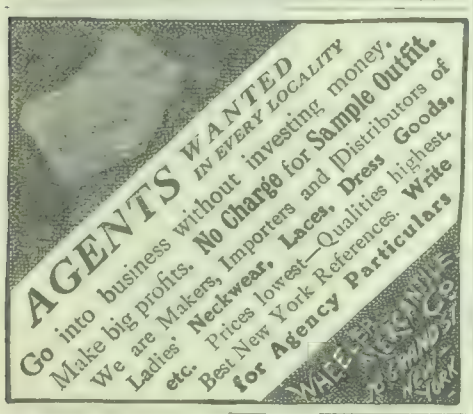

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THE KIDNAPPING OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

"Yes, Mr. President; two Confederates had come to Washington for the purpose of kidnapping you. When he described the men, the Secretary made haste to the White House, summoning me as he went. When he arrived there and found you had gone off with the very men accused by Doyle, you may imagine his excitement.

"Yes; I'm mighty glad I wasn't there. Well, Captain, you have acted with commendable energy, and I am under obligations to you. Call on me some day at the White House. I want to have a talk with you."

"Thank you, Mr. President; I have simply done my duty." He wheeled his horse, gave a curt order to his detachment, and the small cavalcade was soon clattering toward the White House, where, in no long time, the Captain reported to the Secretary, who was still in a fury of rage and excitement.

"Did you seize the two spies? Where are they?" he thundered.

"Under the circumstances, Mr. Secretary, I could but obey the commands of the President."

"Remain here with your men," Mr. Stanton said. Then, his fury getting the better of him, he paced up and down the floor crying, "Oh, he will ruin the country!"

"Don't you think you had better restrain yourself, Mr. Secretary?" asked Mrs. Lincoln, who, coming out of the state of alarm and apprehension into which she had been thrown by the wild and stormy excitement of Mr. Stanton, was now somewhat angry.

"Nothing but Providence has saved your husband from those two spies and traitors—that is, if he is saved. They had everything planned to carry him off to-night."

"I don't believe a word of it!" exclaimed Mrs. Lincoln.

"But every word is true, madam," declared Doyle, who was sticking as close to the Secretary as he dared. "They planned it in my presence in Richmond."

"I don't know you," replied Mrs. Lincoln. "What were you doing in Richmond?"

"Serving my country to the best of my poor ability, madam."

"As a spy?" There was so much scorn in the lady's voice that Doyle assumed a more chastened attitude.

After a while the carriage drove up, and the President, Bethune, and Mr. Sanders alighted. Mr. Lincoln was in high glee. As the carriage stopped, he was saying to Bethune, "You remember when I asked you if the affair wasn't getting to be too natural, too real?"

Bethune assented, but the President waited until they were near the portico of the White House, then he continued:

"Well, I remember it, too. It reminds me of the fellow who set out to play ghost in his village. He had tolerable success, until he happened to run across a crabbed old fellow who had a good deal of money out at interest. The ghost says: 'Squire Brown, you've got too much money. What'll you do with it when you die?' Squire Brown gripped his hickory, and says, 'You talk lots too natural for a ghost,' and with that he lit in and frailed the fellow out."

Bethune had no time to digest the moral which might or might not be attached to this brief narrative of a village incident. As the three walked into the light, Secretary Stanton cried out with a voice full of passion:

"Mr. President, I hope you are convinced that I was correct in what I said about those detestable spies. Captain Bird, do your duty!"

But before the Captain could make a movement, Mrs. Lincoln burst into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, in which she was joined by all except Mr. Stanton. Mr. Lincoln, tall and lank, was wearing Mr. Sanders's felt hat, which, slouched as it was, gave him the aspect of a pirate. On the other hand, Mr. Sanders was wearing Mr. Lincoln's tall beaver. It was tipped to one side a trifle, and this, together with the fact that he wore a bobtail jeans coat, added the last touch of the comic to his rotund figure. Mr. Lincoln joined in and led the laughter, and for several long minutes the hilarity ran high, while Mr. Stanton gazed with undisguised scorn and contempt upon the scene.

Presently, taking advantage of a lull in the laughter, he cried in harsh, commanding tones: "Captain Bird, arrest those men!"

"Why, what have we done, Stanton?" demanded Mr. Lincoln. "What are we guilty of?"

The Secretary, with an angry gesture, turned to Doyle.

"Mr. President," said Doyle, "these men came here to seize you and carry you off. I am willing to make oath to that fact. But for the energy of Secretary Stanton to-night, their plot would have succeeded."

"What is your opinion, Captain Bird? What did you find when you came up with your detachment?" inquired Mr. Lincoln.

"Mr. President, we met the carriage on its way to the White House, and in accordance with your orders, hurried here in advance of it."

"My friend," said the President, turning to Doyle, "if there was any plot to kidnap to-night, I'm the guilty party."

"That's so, Mr. President," Mr. Sanders solemnly asserted. "You not only took us off, but you took my hat. It looked to me like mighty squally times out there in the dark road, but, anyhow, I thank you kindly for fetching us back."

"Oh, you are more than welcome, friend Sanders. There's another thing I want to say to you gentlemen," remarked Mr. Lincoln, straightening himself up; "the less you say of this affair the better. If it slips into the newspapers, I propose to see that the public get the straight of it. One thing more: these gentlemen—Mr. Bethune and Mr. Sanders—are in Washington by my invitation; they are my guests; I am responsible for their conduct here, and whoever interferes with them will be held responsible by me. Captain Bird, I thank you again for the energetic way in which you carried out your orders. If the Secretary of War has no more for you to-night, neither have I."

Mr. Stanton had retired in disgust to the inner office, where the Captain sought him, returning in a moment to bid the President good night and to lead his squad of cavalry to their quarters.

Mr. Doyle stood where the Secretary had left him, and his embarrassment was so plain that Bethune, following one of his impulses, said:

"Mr. President, I think I can set Mr. Doyle right, but before I do so I'd like to ask what grudge he bears me."

"Grudge! I have no grudge against you," Doyle asserted.

"Why did you try to use my own hand to entrap me? Why did you intrust me with a despatch in which you committed me to the gallows, not for the good of the country, but for the advancement of yourself and your friend Awtry?"

"Why, I gave you no such despatch as that," Doyle asserted.

"Well, the President has a copy of it," remarked Bethune, dryly. Mr. Lincoln looked at Doyle with a puzzled expression on his face. He seemed to be studying the man. It was a very embarrassing stare.

"What put the notion in your head," said the President, turning to Bethune, with something like a sigh, "that the gentleman needed to be set right with me?"

"It struck me, Mr. President, that you might misunderstand him, considering all the circumstances," replied Bethune.

"No; I think I understand him perfectly." But he still continued to regard Mr. Doyle with a puzzled, melancholy expression on his face.

"But if you will permit me to explain, Mr. President," Bethune persisted.

But Mr. Lincoln shook his head and raised his long arm in a protesting gesture. "No, not now; I'll have a talk with this gentleman at another

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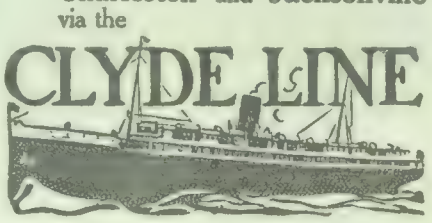

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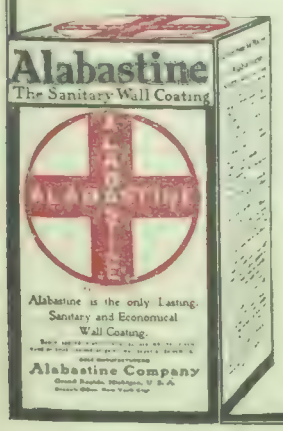

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THE KIDNAPPING OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

time. He must excuse me now. Bethune, you and Mr. Sanders come into my private office. He bowed to Doyle, and went out. As Bethune was following, Doyle caught him by the arm and detained him. "What did you intend to say to him?" he asked.

"Why, I intended, and still intend to tell him the simple truth," replied Bethune.

"That you came to kidnap him?" gasped Doyle.

"Why, certainly. I don't want him to believe that you are engaged in ensnaring men merely to advance your own fortunes."

"Do you think I'd do the like for you?" inquired Doyle.

"Why, I never asked myself the question," replied Bethune, regarding the man with a smile. "I owe you no good will, but I owe it to myself to be honest and straightforward. Now, answer me this: why did you have men ready to follow me out of Richmond?"

Doyle hesitated, but finally spoke out: "I wanted to make sure that you fell into the hands of the right parties when you reached Washington. If I had it to do over again, it wouldn't be done. And I want to say to you that I'm glad I met you."

"Well, we have no time for compliments. Good night."

Mr. Sanders was waiting for Bethune, and together they went into Mr. Lincoln's private office. The President and Mr. Stanton were in the larger room, and the tones of their voices, coming through the door, showed that they were conversing as if nothing unusual had occurred. Indeed, it seemed that Mr. Stanton had been, for the moment, entirely subdued.

Presently Mr. Lincoln came to the door. "Sanders, you and Bethune come in here. I want you to see that my Secretary of War is not always ready to eat folks up."

Mr. Stanton greeted them in a friendly manner. He had his glasses off for the moment, and for the first time the two Southerners saw that in repose his features were cast in a genial mould, and that his eyes could command a kindly expression.

"Bethune," said the President, "what was that explanation you wanted to make about Doyle? Mr. Stanton seems to appreciate his abilities. I don't know how able he is, but that last part of his despatch doesn't sound nice to me. Mr. Stanton agrees with me about this, but he says the first part is correct." The copy of the despatch lay open on the table between the President and the Secretary.

"Mr. President, after what has happened to-night, taking everything as it occurred, I feel sure that you'll not misunderstand my motives when I say to you that the first part of Mr. Doyle's despatch is correct." Bethune's tone was quiet, but firm.

"I told you so," remarked Mr. Stanton, with emphasis.

"Well, then, why didn't you carry out your plan to-night?"

"They had a very good reason," exclaimed the Secretary of War.

"Mr. President," said Mr. Sanders, suddenly and emphatically, "there aint enough cavalry in fifty miles of this town to 'a' kept us from carryin' you off to-night. You know where we turned around? Well, right there was a light wagon, an' all we had to do was to hustle you in it. The man a-drivin' it knows ev'ry foot of ground betwixt here an' Richmond."

"No doubt," said Mr. Lincoln, "but why didn't you take advantage of all this?"

"Mr. President, I would as soon kidnap my grandfather, or some one else equally dear to me," Bethune declared. "But it was a great temptation."

"It was so, especially to a young feller," remarked Mr. Sanders. "When the hosses turned, I fully expected Frank to stick his head out an' use some words that you don't hear in parlors; an' when he didn't, I never was so happy in my life. What we mought 'a' done if you hadn't gone an' kidnapped yourself right before our face, I can't say. I'm like the feller the mule kicked in the stomach. Says he, 'I seed her switch her tail—that I seed p'intedly. What she done atter that, I can't say.'"

"If you would only trust me, Mr. President!" exclaimed Mr. Stanton. There was no bitterness in his voice.

"Why, I trust you precisely as far as I can trust myself," replied Mr. Lincoln, earnestly. "No man could do more; would any other man do as much?"

The Secretary made no reply. He resumed his spectacles and turned to Bethune. "But why, now that the affair is over, do you come in here and admit what nobody could have proved? What is Doyle to you?"

"Less than nothing, Mr. Secretary. I think the President understands my motives."

"Perfectly, perfectly," said Mr. Lincoln. "But I don't understand why you changed your mind when you had everything in your own hands."

"Well, I can only say this, Mr. President, that if the plain people of the South knew you as well as we know you, the war wouldn't last much longer."

Mr. Lincoln arose from his chair and laid his hand on Bethune's shoulder. "My son," he said solemnly, "no human being ever did or ever can pay me a higher compliment. I wish all your people would take a month off and come up here to kidnap me!"

"They are engaged in some such adventure now," remarked Mr. Stanton, dryly. The President paid no attention to the remark, but walked about the room with his hands behind him and his head forward. Finally, he paused and stood before Bethune and Mr. Sanders, his feet planted somewhat apart.

"I'll tell you gentlemen the honest truth," he declared, raising his right arm high above his head; "my heart bleeds night and day for every wound the war inflicts on both sides. If I know my own mind, I know no North and no South. All that I hope for and pray for is the Union—the Union preserved, and the Union at peace, with all factions and all parties working together for the glory and greatness of the Republic. I would, if I could, take the South in my arms and soothe all her troubles, and wipe out all the difficulties and differences, and start the Nation on a new career. I have the will, but not the power." He paused a moment, and then resumed with a smile, "Stanton there says I'm a politician, and I reckon I am, but if I were nothing else, I'd be ashamed of myself."

"Mr. President," said Bethune, gravely, "If we had found you to be a politician, petulant and intriguing, you wouldn't be here to-night."

"Aint it the truth!" exclaimed Mr. Sanders, with unction.

"Well, Mr. President," remarked Mr. Stanton, arising from his chair, "your friends are more agreeable than I supposed they would be. But hereafter I hope you will believe that I know what I am talking about."

"Why, I never doubted it," Mr. Lincoln declared; "but you'll have to take me as you find me."

"The trouble wi' him, Mr. President," said Mr. Sanders, "is that he's afraid he'll not be able to find you."

The Secretary regarded Mr. Sanders from behind his inscrutable glasses, smiled faintly, and exclaimed, "Aint it the truth!" Then, as if the effort to mimic Mr. Sanders had thawed him out, he shook hands with the two Southerners, laughing softly to himself, and went out. The episode was sufficient to show that the great War Secretary (and he was truly great in his line) could be agreeable when he chose to be.

"That's the only fun he's had since the war begun," Mr. Lincoln asserted.

Nothing more remains to be told. Bethune, Mr. Sanders, and Mrs. Elise Clopton had no difficulty in making their way South. They had an escort through the Federal lines, and were turned over to their compatriots under a flag of truce.

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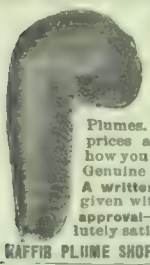

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CHAPTER XXVI (*Concluded*).

SHE has something in her soul that lifts her above ordinary woman," continued Lucille, looking Tidwell squarely in the eye. "An ordinary woman would have exposed me—held me up as an object of public contempt, but her whole thought was for the sufferings of my family, for my mother and for Gilbert. Oh, she's good and sweet and self-sacrificing, and you ask me, after what she has done, to turn against her! I can't do it—I simply can't! You are a man, and even for the love which you say you have for me, you ought not to be fighting a helpless, suffering woman—your own wife—in that way. She doesn't deserve it. She did her best for you. It was her money that educated you for the ministry. It was her money that you were taking to run off with. I thought I loved you enough—enough to go out into the world to help you as you said I could, but I can't help you to rob her!"

"Then . . . then," he stood before her, an awful glare in his eyes, a tremor like the last convulsions of death in his limbs; "then you didn't intend your going to church to-day as an encouragement to me?"

"No, I would not have gone—I had resolved never to go again. I would not have gone if she had not asked—" She put her hand to her mouth and stopped, a flash of consternation in her eyes; "I mean—I mean—"

"You mean what you started to say," Tidwell stared at her with dilating eyes; "you mean that she asked you to come to church to-day in particular. Don't you mean that?"

Her eyes downcast, a flush of confusion creeping into her face, Lucille stood speechless.

"I see," Tidwell breathed the words out heavily. "She made a point of asking you to go to-day, the first day she has not gone herself. I wonder if she—" He looked down the road leading to the village, and then he faced his companion again. "I wonder if she was setting a trap to see if you—if I—"

"Oh!" Lucille cried, covering her face with her hands. "Perhaps she is, but I have kept my word! I didn't want you to follow me; I wont stand here."

"Don't go yet!" Tidwell pleaded; "not just yet. Listen to me one moment. It may be months before I can see you again, but I am willing to bear it all; all the shame of her guarding me and watching me night and day, like a child, but I must believe that you still love me in my sufferings. Lucille, do you still love me? Tell me, tell me that!"

In turning to avoid his awful eyes, the girl glanced toward the village, and, as she did so, she saw a woman just crossing a strip of meadow land nearby, and walking rapidly. It was Mrs. Tidwell.

"There she is now!" Lucille gasped. "Go; leave me! Leave me!"

But, as if turned to stone, Tidwell stood staring at the approaching figure of his wife.

"Yes, it was a trap!" he said desperately.

In fear and trembling, Lucille made a step or two homeward, but suddenly turned, stood still and faced Mrs. Tidwell, who, rigidly pale, came up.

"I want you to know, Mrs. Tidwell," the girl said firmly, "and I want to say it here in Mr. Tidwell's presence, that I made no appointment with him. I have kept my promise to you."

"I know it," the married woman answered, with a feeble forced smile. "I have been watching you both from the bushes over there and I saw him stop you two or three times. Besides, I saw by your manner that his presence was unwelcome. I have known ever since our talk in Atlanta that I could trust you. You have made a girlish mistake, but you are a genuine woman. I am glad of this opportunity to see you alone again. Lawrence, leave us here. Go home. I'll see you there later."

Tidwell, with a look of complete defeat, stood in desperate hesitation.

"You asked her to come to church to-day *for this,*" he blurted out. "Do you think there is anything open and fair about setting a trap of that sort?"

"When I had doubts as to the limits of your weakness?—yes," was the crisp reply. "I have a right to know what sort of foe I have. When a man not only sinks low enough to fight a woman who is standing up for what is right, but resorts to deliberate lies as his weapon, then she ought to know it. I can trust this girl, who would never have thought of wrong if you hadn't led her into it. I can trust her to aid me in trying to save you from death at the handss of her outraged brother, but I can't trust you. You are a coward when you face danger, but you are not intelligent enough to see danger when it is not at the end of your nose. The bravest of men give up when they meet overwhelming defeat, but you, like the lowest order of brute, don't know enough to save your own life. Now, listen to me. Here you are pretending to love this girl, and yet the weight of a hair in the scale of chance may precipitate a tragedy that will wreck her life and the lives of everybody connected with her. I had a talk with Gilbert Neal the other night. He doesn't dream yet of the actual truth, but his mind is working in a desperate effort to clear up something that he can't understand. He is puzzled over his sister's depression, and he can't understand why—why Lucille did not go straight out to the Barnets' when she reached Atlanta. I did all I could. I lied for you both with tears of earnestness in my eyes, only to see that he is not quite satisfied. Do you remember the light remark for which he fought that man so desperately some time ago? Well, it was the insinuation that Lucille was receiving attentions from some married man. The other night, as he stood facing me at our gate, he deliberately asked if anyone had ever dared to associate your two names together. I laughed as if it were wholly absurd, but his face remained set. Perhaps he has seen you together when you didn't know it. I tell you he is in a terrible mental condition, wavering between blackest doubt and confidence in the one person he loves and idealizes. It is an awful state of affairs and the weight of it is all on me. No,"—raising her hand peremptorily—"you shall not say another word to her; she is a helpless girl and already regrets what has taken place. Go home this instant! I want to speak to her."

Tidwell swayed to and fro, his countenance dark with despair, then with a groan and one final glance at Lucille's averted face, he whirled, and, bent under the burden of his wounded pride, he strode away. Looking after him in silence for a moment, his wife heaved a deep sigh, and then said:

"You can't imagine, Lucille, how it pains me—crushes me to humiliate him even for such a good purpose."

"Do you think," Lucille leaned closer to her companion, "do you think he will do himself any harm?"

"No," the other answered, her pretty lips quivering and settling firmly

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GILBERT NEAL

over her white, even teeth; "you need fear nothing on that score. He is more afraid of death than any human being I ever saw. Right now he is quaking over what I said about Gilbert's possible discovery. It was that, and that alone, which brought him back here. He was awfully disagreeable that day in Atlanta, and if I had not kept Gilbert's wrath constantly before his eyes he would never have returned."

"I—I didn't know him as—as he really is," Lucille stammered, her soft eyes resting appealingly on the brave face before her. "I had only his version of his disagreement with you. He put it in such a way that I really believed you were treating him unfairly. But, oh, I now understand! And instead of hating you, as I almost did once, I—I really love you. I think you are the noblest woman in the world to treat me so—so sweetly after—after—"

"There, don't cry!" Mrs. Tidwell said, putting her arm around Lucille's shoulders, and wiping the girl's tears away with her own handkerchief. "You will never know what this means to me. As I've already told you, in the beginning of my trouble with my husband, I took note of all that your brother was suffering and I had a way of—of feeling, you know, that he and I were companions in misery, and my heart went out to him—sometimes so much so that I almost forgot my own woes. Then, lo and behold! Fate so shaped it all, that his trouble and mine actually met in Lawrence's fancy for you, and I saw in that the awful climax of poor Gilbert's long fight against adversity. It came just when he was getting on his feet again, and the thought of it almost maddened me. I have sworn it shall not come to him. I have sworn that he shall not stain his hands with the blood of the weakling I married, and undergo all that would follow. He would never be able to see that you are unharmed, and as pure as you ever were. The discovery would blind him. He would have no thought but to rend that man limb from limb. Oh, it shall not be! God in heaven would not be so unmerciful and refuse to answer my constant prayer or fail to reward my struggles for what is so infinitely right and just."

"And you think Gilbert already half suspects?" Lucille's voice broke, and a sob shook her whole frame.

"He imagines something is wrong with you because you have been so depressed, and that is what I came to see you about. You must help me. You must realize that it is most important for his mind to be disabused of his present impression. Can't you be cheerful with him, my dear?"

"I can now—if it kills me," the girl declared. "He is coming out home this afternoon. "I'll do all I can. I am ashamed to say I have not tried hard enough—I have felt so badly—but I shall do it now, Mrs. Tidwell."

"Then I'll trust it to you," was the reply, "and I will see that my husband lets you alone. Now, I'm going to kiss you good-by, because I want you to be cheerful and full of hope, and—and because—because you look so much like Gilbert. There, good-by. We sha'n't let it come to him—shall we?"

CHAPTER XXVII.

IT was early in October. The farmers were coming into the village with their road-wagons laden with cotton for shipment to the markets. All day Daggart sat at his desk receiving money on notes and Gilbert had never been busier. It was eight o'clock in the evening before quiet was restored.

When the clerks had got their hats and coats and filtered away, Daggart himself went to the door and closed and locked it and thumped back to Gilbert at the desk. "Blow out the front lights," he said. "I want to talk to you, and somebody might come in."

"You say you want to see me?" Neal asked, when he had complied.

"Yes, I do, Gilbert," Daggart answered awkwardly. "Sit down. The truth is, I'm going to put even more responsibility on your shoulders. I reckon you thought I'd stay here with you through this fall rush, but I can't. You will be equal to it. You haven't made a single mistake since you took hold. I'll be gone at least a month—or maybe two."

"So you are going off?" Gilbert said, as he sat down.

"Yes, I—we—that is—*yes,* I'll have to go, and I want my mind perfectly free from business of any sort. I've got everything in pretty good shape and made out some written directions that you can follow. I've got something to tell you, but I'll be hanged if I know exactly how to begin. Gilbert, I am going to get married."

"Oh, you are! Well, that really *is* a surprise," Neal declared.

"Yes, I'm going to get married, and—and be done with the dang thing," the fat man said, avoiding the pair of eyes which were bearing on him so steadily. "It was an awful thing for me to decide, but I finally got tired of shifting about over it and I made the plunge. I'm engaged to a lady a sight younger than I am, Gilbert, but it seems to suit her folks, and the girl herself, and I know I'll be satisfied. You see, I'm getting exactly what I *want,* and so I've made up my mind not to let it bother me any more."

"Why, certainly—that is best," Gilbert said, unable to follow the slow drift of his employer.

"I'm going to tell you who she is," Daggart gave one wavering sweep of his eyes over the young man's expectant face, and then looked down at his fat fingers, which were firmly clasped in his lap. "I'm going to tell you, my boy, but I want to warn you that I wont stand any advice of—of any unpleasant nature from man or woman. I know how folks in this little place talk about every happening, and—and I know they are going to waste a sight of breath over this, but I'm ready for all they can say. Gilbert, for a month or so back I've been going to see—I've been going to see Laura Tidwell. Now, hold! Stop!" the merchant's fat hand went up, palm outward. "If you've got any criticisms just keep them to yourself. She bantered me about not coming to see her awhile back, and I got to going there to spend my evenings, and—and let the truth be what it may, as to whether a man like me would be the first natural choice of a young beautiful creature like her—I found I wanted her worse than I ever wanted a woman in my life. I can't help it, I simply wanted her. I proposed, and was accepted."

Daggart's eyes were now resting almost fearfully on the face of his companion. He was pale and his lip quivered as with suppressed excitement.

Warned as he had been, and filled with actual dismay by the announcement, Gilbert could only stare in bewildered silence.

"You don't say nothing!" Daggart blurted out, after a moment's pause. "I reckon you, like all the rest, will say—will think I'm a vain old fool. But if she can stand it, and I want it, it certainly aint nobody's business. I've tussled with it enough. I fought it, and fought it, and reasoned and argued, but when I'd be away from her and think of all her loveliness and sweetness to a rough old codger like me—why, I'd want her so bad that—well, there wasn't no other way out of it."

(To Be Continued)

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Menace of the Mask

By DON MARQUIS

IV—Sentencing of Night Riders at Union City. Personalities in the Reelfoot Region

THE authorities of Obion County, Tennessee, have done a good piece of work not only for their own community, and the country round about Reelfoot Lake, but for every other locality in the South where the masked face of lawlessness has shown itself.

On January 9th, 1909, six of the Night Riders on trial at Union City for the murder of Captain Quentin Rankin, were sentenced to be hanged; and two others were condemned to twenty years' imprisonment each. Trials of a number of others are now in progress, and will likely last for several weeks to come.

The moral effect of this legal action in the Reelfoot Lake district cannot help but be beneficial throughout the other parts of Tennessee and Kentucky that have suffered from organized lawlessness. The attention not only of all the law-abiding and order-loving people of the country was turned toward Union City, but the Night Riders themselves, in other parts of Tennessee, undoubtedly followed the progress of the trials day by day with the closest attention.

Had judge and jury at Union City not done their duty, the later winter would undoubtedly have witnessed a revival of Night Rider outrages. A failure to convict would have been all the warrant necessary for a belief on the part of the Night Riders that the authorities were permanently bluffed.

But the judge—Judge Joseph E. Jones—and the jury did their duty at a time and under circumstances when the performance of duty required no ordinary degree of courage. From the very moment that Judge Jones convened the special grand jury of Obion County in extra session at Union City, until the date on which he sentenced the convicted Night Riders to the gallows, there was not an hour when the "law and order people" did not fear that his life might be taken.

When I was in Union City the judge himself did not seem to be greatly apprehensive, but walked about the streets unarmed and placid, evidently under the belief that if any of the people from the lake district intended to make a target of him they would choose such time and place and method that it would be all over before he had a chance to defend himself.

The prosecuting attorneys were all threatened, at one time or another, and it may be that the members of the jury are still in some danger. I incline to the belief, however, that they are all in less danger since the sentences of death were handed down than if they had failed to go the full length which justice demanded. What the situation needed was such action as to convince the Night Riders that lawlessness would be stamped out, no matter how many law-abiding citizens were threatened or harmed in the process.

That action has had the desired effect was evidenced by the withdrawal of nearly all the troops from the Reelfoot Lake district during the latter days of January and the early part of February; twenty men only being left on duty at Union City, and twenty more in the camp on the bank of the lake itself, twenty-two miles away.

It is seldom that constituted authority in any community will go farther than public sentiment. Had it not been for the activity of a number of men in Lake and Obion and Dyer counties, in Tennessee, who cared more for the good name and peace of their communities than for their own personal safety, and around whose personalities public sentiment finally crystalized, the Night Riders would still be doing business at the old stand in the Reelfoot Lake region.

I wish that I had space to mention particularly all the men who played courageous parts in the round-up of the gang, which began after the death of Captain Rankin; and could give some idea of what a bold and outspoken stand for law meant in that region only a few months ago.

Judge Harris has been briefly mentioned in a former article. He is a young man, in the early thirties, owner of a great deal of property; so much that he would be considered wealthy measured by the standards of any community. Well-educated, and original, just as much at home in the drawing-room as in the saddle, he is a young fellow who might, if he cared to, be spending the income of his large fortune in New York or Paris, and having what is called a good time out of it. But he likes the woods and the country and the free life, and besides, he is not the kind of a man who retreats under fire.

Judge Harris, of Tiptonville, Lake County, Tennessee, instrumental in rounding up the outlaws

He has been threatened scores of times; there is no man in all the lake country whom the Night Riders more greatly desire to kill. The situation resolved itself into a contest between Harris and the gang of outlaws, and he will stay there until he wins; until he has brought peace and safety into the lake district. He is in the situation of a man who has inherited a feud. Although his life had been so often threatened, Harris was one of the first men to take the field in the vicinity of the lake, after the death of Captain Rankin, to round-up the Night Riders.

His house at Tiptonville, in Lake County, has already been mentioned. Mines are planted in the ground around it, connected by electric wires to a switchboard in the house, and any assaulting party would be at the mercy of the operator inside. This was no idle precaution, for it is reported that the Night Riders actually planned a descent in force upon Tiptonville a number of times.

One of Harris's friends in Tiptonville, and a sturdy character in himself, who played a leading role in the restoration of law and order, is Dr. G. C. Thomas, editor of the Lake County *News*, a country paper edited at Tiptonville. Some of the country editors in the large tract of country affected by the Night Riders either paid very little attention to what was going on—and indeed, it was not safe to know too much—or published only such matter relative to it as would cause no great offense to the outlaws.

A few others, like Dr. Thomas, were not afraid to say what they believed, and risk the consequences. He was direct and outspoken from the first in demanding that the gang be run to earth. If he knew a man was a Night Rider he did not hesitate to say so, and he had the courage to say so to his face, if occasion demanded.

He received warnings to cease his activity against the outlaws, but only laughed at them. He was not to be bluffed. In all, six Night Rider letters

The woman in the picture is Mrs. Alice Pride, who made several raids as a Night Rider

were mailed to him, the last one, received early in December, reading as follows:

"Hornbeak, Tenn.—Dr. G. C. Thomas, Tiptonville, Tenn.—Sir: This is to inform you that your presence is not desired in Tennessee, and if you do not leave the State by Jan. 1, 1909, you will be a very bad-looking corpse. Night Riders."

The editor did not leave, however; and at last account was still alive.

Thomas's work in the round-up was not by any means confined to the matter which he printed in his paper. He buckled on his six-shooter and took his automatic shotgun, and went out with the posse, making arrests personally, risking his life for his principles.

A curious character in the Reelfoot Lake region who is thought to have given the grand jury some of the information upon which it acted in breaking up the gang is Mrs. Alice Pride, the woman shown walking between the two men in the accompanying photograph. This Mrs. Pride lived in the heart of the district most thickly infested with Night Riders, and was at one time a member of the band herself, so it is said. The newspapers presented her as a beautiful and daring Queen of the Night Rider band, dashing across the country at midnight and spurring the men on to wild feats of daring. But the cold light of day takes a great deal away from the reports of a romantic beauty, as may be seen from the photograph, which was taken in Union City a day or two after her "capture" by Judge Harris and his assistants. Not that Mrs. Pride's capture was a sensational affair at all; it seems that she was very willing to tell all she knew about the outlaws; so willing, in fact, that the prosecution was inclined to accept some of her testimony with more than a grain of salt.

There is no doubt, however, but that she did accompany the Night Riders on some of their earlier raids; and that she had a falling-out with the band later, succeeding which they whipped her brutally and burned her house. With the house is supposed to have been burned a book which was a kind of roster of the membership of the gang; though why the Night Riders should have been so foolish as to have such a thing is hard to understand.

Mrs. Pride's interest in the Night Riding operations is supposed to have been chiefly love of excitement. The man on her right in the picture is Judge Harris, and the other man is Captain Sparks, who also played an important part in the final round-up of the gang.

Tennessee Begins to Respond

Under the caption, "Patterson and the Night Riders," the Nashville *Tennesseean*—the paper which was edited by the late ex-Senator Carmack in the interests of the Prohibition movement up to the time he was shot to death on the streets of Nashville—discusses certain phases of the Night Rider situation in Tennessee in a manner which indicates that the series entitled "Menace of the Mask" has served its chief purpose. That is, it has stirred up the public and press of the State most concerned to a point where they are keenly alive to the necessity of getting rid of all lingering remnants of lawlessness. With the various newspaper and political quarrels peculiar to Tennessee, UNCLE REMUS'S—THE HOME MAGAZINE has, of course, nothing to do, and does not "take sides"; the following editorial is reproduced because it shows that there is a healthy disposition to hold the duly-elected authorities responsible for the enforcement of the law:

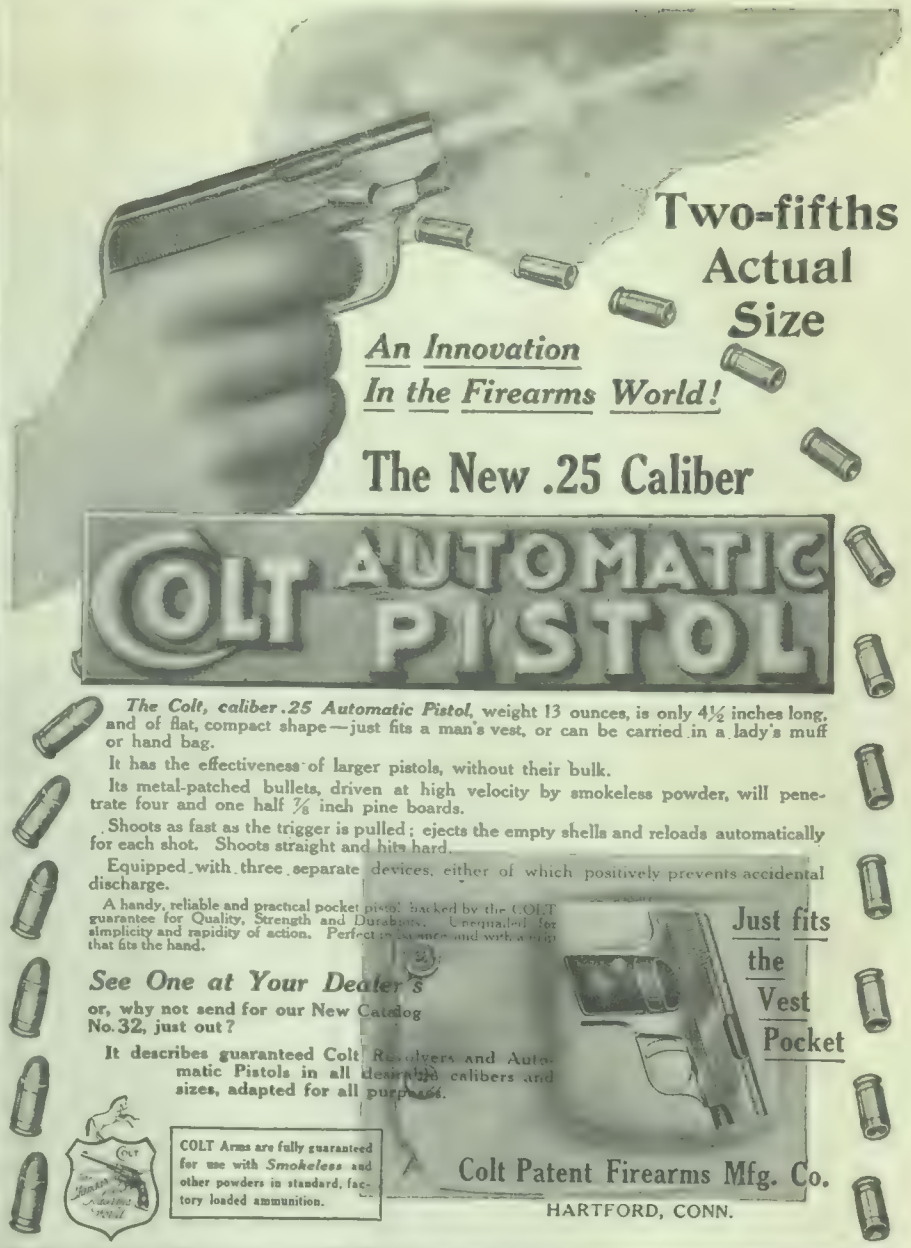
"The article that Don Marquis, of UNCLE REMUS'S MAGAZINE, wrote about the Night Riders of Montgomery County appears to have 'brought on more talk' in that region. The justness of the criticism made by this trenchant writer of certain officials of the county is not within the province of the *Tennesseean* to decide. As General Hancock said of the tariff, that "is a local issue". But while the Nashville *American* seems to endorse Mr. Marquis's charge, that Judge Tyler was delinquent in his duties and played politics when he should have been repressing crime, why does the *American* not print what was said in the same article concerning Governor Patterson? It was said in this UNCLE REMUS'S MAGAZINE article that, while the Governor had been quite vigorous in the prosecution of the Night Riders at Reelfoot Lake, he had been strangely inert concerning similar lawlessness in Montgomery County, and the difference was ascribed to his regard for his political prospects.

Dr. G. C. Thomas, editor of the Lake County *News*, published at Tiptonville, Tenn., whose determined stand for law and order made him the recipient of many Night Rider warnings.

"And, moreover, that was entirely true. The Reelfoot Night Riders had no friends. The military exploits in that region at the time a State campaign was about to close gave opportunity for some dramatic posing certain to win votes; but to suppress the Night Riders—the original Night Riders—in the 'Black Patch' was altogether another question.

"Strong antagonisms had grown up there between the Tobacco Growers' Association and those who were supposed to fear the truth, and the Governor—the 'game cock' Governor—the brave, defiant cock robin Governor—did not have the moral courage to don his uniform and take his place at the head of the army and navy of Tennessee and set up martial law in old Montgomery—the home of Austin and Dancy and Mike. He lacked the moral courage, just as he lacked it the day that Senator Carmack was assassinated by day riders, to take his place at the front of the van and declare that Law—the great bulwark of civil liberty—must be enforced and must be obeyed, no matter where or who the violators were.

"There was a murder by Night Riders in Montgomery County, quite as shocking as that of Captain Rankin at Reelfoot Lake—an honest farmer, a good citizen and well-to-do, and a member of the Tobacco Growers' Association. He was called to his door at night and shot down. The local authorities have never been able to cope with the case. No one charged with the murder, at least, has yet been arrested; but no military was ordered to the spot, and no attempt was made by Tennessee's most righteous and exalted Chief Executive to ferret out the offenders. The Nashville *American* has been almost as severe in its denunciation of Night Riders as it has been ridiculous in its fawning and flattery and sycophancy at the feet of Ham Patterson. It published recently a long communication from Dr. T. H. Marable, former Mayor of Clarksville, sustaining the criticism Don Marquis made of Judge Tyler. Why does it not tell the public what Mr. Marquis said in that same article and the same connection about Governor Patterson? It has itself said all the evil things in its well-stocked vocabulary of expletives about the Montgomery County Night Riders. It has no love for them, nor for the Tobacco Growers' Association. Can it explain why its great Law Enforcement Governor 'played favorites'? Why he used all the power of his office and the army and navy of the State to bring one set of murderers and marauders to the gallows, while another set, no less vicious and dangerous and guilty, has been left unmolested by the strong arm of executive authority?"



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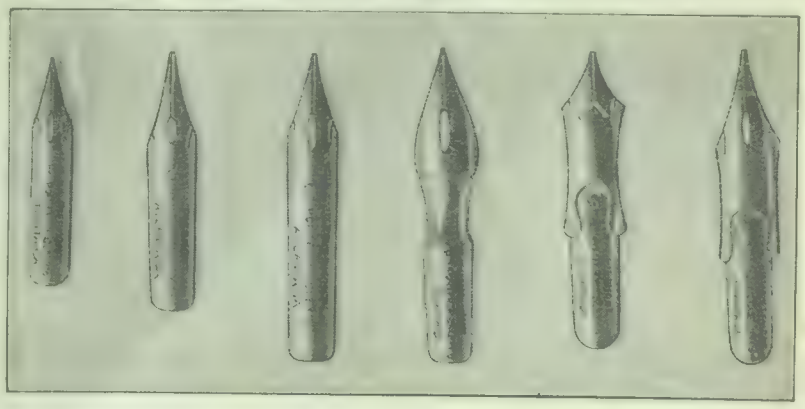

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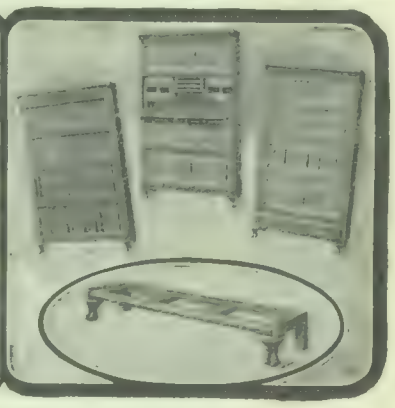

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"How charming you look—Whatever does it mean—both of you girls coming out so early in the season with new suits—and such exquisite colors!"

"Thanks very much—you are beautifully gowned yourself. That's a new gown, is it not?"

"No. It isn't new—I'll tell you about it. This dress is three years old. It was my grey long coat suit, and mother ripped it up—colored it with Diamond Dyes for wool—and I made it over, using a . . . . pattern."

"That is certainly interesting, but not surprising—for we owe our pretty gowns to Diamond Dyes as well as you. This is ***not*** our first experience, however. Every season sister and I are able to have one or two extra dresses because we can depend upon Diamond Dyes to change the color to one we desire, and if it is necessary to add a few yards of material, we match it in quality and dye it the same shade."

"I certainly am amazed. I have always admired the lovely things you girls had,—and been a bit envious,—but now I have the secret of your pretty dresses."

Important Facts About Goods to be Dyed:

Diamond Dyes are the Standard of the World and always give perfect results. You must be sure that you get the ***real*** Diamond Dyes and the ***kind*** of Diamond Dyes adapted to the article you intend to dye.

Beware of imitations of Diamond Dyes. Imitators who make only one kind of dye, claim that their imitations will color Wool, Silk, or Cotton ("all fabrics") *equally well.* This claim is false, because no dye that will give the finest results on Wool, Silk, or other *animal* fibres, can be used as successfully for dyeing Cotton, Linen, or other *vegetable* fibres. For this reason we make two kinds of Diamond Dyes, namely: Diamond Dyes for Wool, and Diamond Dyes for Cotton.

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"Mixed Goods," also known as "Union Goods," are made chiefly of either Cotton, Linen or other vegetable fibres. For this reason our Diamond Dyes for Cotton are the best dyes made for these goods.

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At All Reliable Dealers—Insist Upon the Genuine

BOOK OF 231 DRESSING SECRETS

THAT EVERY WOMAN OUGHT TO KNOW

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Mrs. Phillip Coquillard Tells What This Book of Dressing Secrets Has Meant to Her

"There came a time in our family when it was absolutely necessary to practice rigid economy—such a state of affairs may come to anyone—and so I feel impelled to tell how I was helped over a trying period and taught a lesson of great value. My daughters, Mira and Grace, are in the high school—Mira being in her senior year. Both girls had always dressed well and made a good appearance among their friends, but this last season there was no money to buy their school dresses or the little party dresses so necessary to young girls in their closing years at school.

"A very good friend brought me the Diamond Dye Annual and said I would find all the help I needed in that book if I made use of the suggestions given. ***Her words were true***—I was able to accomplish everything I desired.

"By ripping up their old dresses—letting out the tucks and using Diamond Dyes to change color, I was able to make them over, using a . . . . . pattern, with the result that they looked like new and only cost ten cents a dress (the price of a package of Diamond Dyes). I dyed their little evening muslins, using Diamond Dyes for cotton—with equally satisfactory results. The girls were never better dressed nor better satisfied with their clothes than now. You can see of what inestimable value Diamond Dyes are to me." *MRS. PHILLIP COQUILLARD, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

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At All Reliable Dealers—Insist Upon the Genuine

She prepared to eat her meager supper

Mme. LeGarde's Substitute

By MARY E. BRYAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ROSE O'NEILL

THE hall room in the lodging-house was hardly larger than a cell, but it seemed a haven of rest to Amy, exhausted by her fûtile tramp of the city streets and breathless from climbing the three flights of narrow stairs which led to her abode.

She lit her small lamp—she could not afford gas—and removed her hat and street dress, shaking them free of the fine, powdery snow before she hung them in the curtained corner that did duty as a closet. Putting on a *kimono,* she took a pitcher from a bracketed shelf and started to the bath-room to get some fresh water. When she opened the door, a little dog was standing beside it; a silky-haired spaniel belonging to the lodger in the room next to hers—a young newspaper man, who sometimes neglected his pet through the exigencies of "assignments". The dog looked up at Amy with the beseeching eyes which make all spaniels seem pathetic. She stooped and patted the animal's head.

"Oh, doggie, I haven't a thing for you to-night," she said. "My larder is as bare as was Mother Hubbard's of old."

The dog wagged its plumy tail persistently, and Amy turned back into the room, and, after searching, found some bits of cheese, which she gave to it, and then went on to the bath-room at the end of the passage and filled her pitcher. When she came back, her canine visitor was gone.

The face bath refreshed her, and it was a relief to take down her hair and shake its loosened coils about her neck. But she was faint through having eaten nothing since a light breakfast. She had walked miles of hard pavement, too, the paying of her room rent that morning having left her purse empty.

"I shall have to go 'supperless to bed'," she said to herself, "like the heroines of the novels I used to read who came to the city to make their fortunes and endured so many hardships. It sounded romantic to me then to go 'supperless to bed', but there isn't a bit of romance in the actual fact. A cup of hot tea would appeal to me now infinitely more than the thought that I am figuring in a pathetic situation."

Further search in the drawer where she kept her provisions brought out a banana and the end of a loaf of bread. She put these on a plate which she placed on the wash-stand, a table not being included in the room's scanty furnishing. Sitting on the edge of the lounge-bed, she prepared to eat her meager supper.

"Vegetarianism is the latest fad, so I am in the fashion," she said, as she stretched out her hand to take the banana.

A quick, light tap on the door arrested the movement and caused her hastily, with heightened color, to fasten up her hair and draw about her the folds of the blue *kimono* before she partly opened the door.

As she had guessed, it was her neighbor—the newspaper reporter. He smiled quizzically and held out a shoe—*her* shoe.

"It might be Cinderella's," he said, "only it was not lost: it was stolen. Nixie, there, was the thief. He brought it into my room. See how he hangs his head? He knows he is guilty and that I am going to punish him."

"Oh, don't!" begged the girl. "I am to blame. I encouraged Nixie to come to my room. He reminds me of my brother's little dog at home."

"'Home' is in the South; I know from the soft quality of your speech," asserted the reporter.

"From the way I slur my r's, you mean," answered Amy. "Yes, my home is in Charleston."

"So far South! The roses are blooming there still, and here it is snowing!" said the young man. "Doesn't such a dreary day as this make you long to be back at home?"

She did not reply. Her eyes filled, and she looked down.

"Forgive me!" he exclaimed, distressed. "I am such a thoughtless idiot. . . ."

"You said nothing to be pardoned for," interrupted Amy. "I am a little bit blue to-day. I have been playing the role of wandering dove—seeking a foothold in your big city, and finding not even an olive leaf of hope."

"Perhaps," he said, looking at her searchingly, "you have been seeking the foothold in unpromising ground: the stony hearts of those great I-ams, the managers of dramatic companies."

"Why do you think I have applied to theatrical managers?" she asked, surprised.

"Because you have voice," said the reporter. "I heard it, just once. You supposed I had gone out, and so I had, but I returned to my room to shut up Nixie; he had followed me. You were singing, and I listened until you had finished."

"What did you think of it? Tell me the truth, please."

"I thought your voice was beautiful: a cultured voice it seemed to me, and magnetic, too, which is of more consequence. The kind of voice to please an audience."

"I wish some manager would think so," sighed Amy. "Those I saw were terribly discouraging: only one would take time to hear me sing, and that was when I had become tired and depressed and sang my worst. I don't know what to do. I *must* do something. I can't give up!"

He looked at her, his face clouding through sympathy with her evident distress.

Amy entered the grand reception hall

"See here," he said, at length. "The stage isn't the only field for a singer. There's the church, the concert hall, and the drawing-rooms of the rich society folk, who are a stupid lot mostly, and glad to pay artists to enliven their functions."

"But how could I become known to these people . . . professionally?" said Amy. "I am a stranger here; I know no one in the city."

"That may not be such a misfortune," asserted the young man. "Let me see: I know one woman who might help you. Did you ever hear of Madame LeGarde?"

"Carlotta LeGarde? Yes, my voice teacher knew her well," said the girl. "I have heard him speak of her. She is one of the great singers."

"She was a fine singer in her day," said he. "She has lost her upper notes. She is not as young as she was. She left the stage, and she sings now at concerts and private entertainments. She is eccentric and affects cynicism, but she has a good heart. She will put herself out to help one she has taken a fancy to. I am in her favor because I once wrote a story about her that pleased her. I will give you a letter to her, introducing you and asking her to advise you."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed the girl. "I will go to see her to-morrow."

"I will write the letter now and give it to you at once, as I shall not be up to-morrow until about noon. I am going out upon an all-night assignment as soon as I have had dinner. I ordered it sent to me from the restaurant below."

"It has come: the man with the tray has been standing at your door for the last few minutes," said Amy.

"And I didn't know it!" said the reporter. "See how I am taken up with you!" He bowed and went to relieve the impatience of the restaurant man.

"How nice he is!" thought Amy, when she had turned back into her shabby little room.

"It ees a Southern deesh—it ees chicken pie"

(*Continued on Page 37*)

Touring Cars
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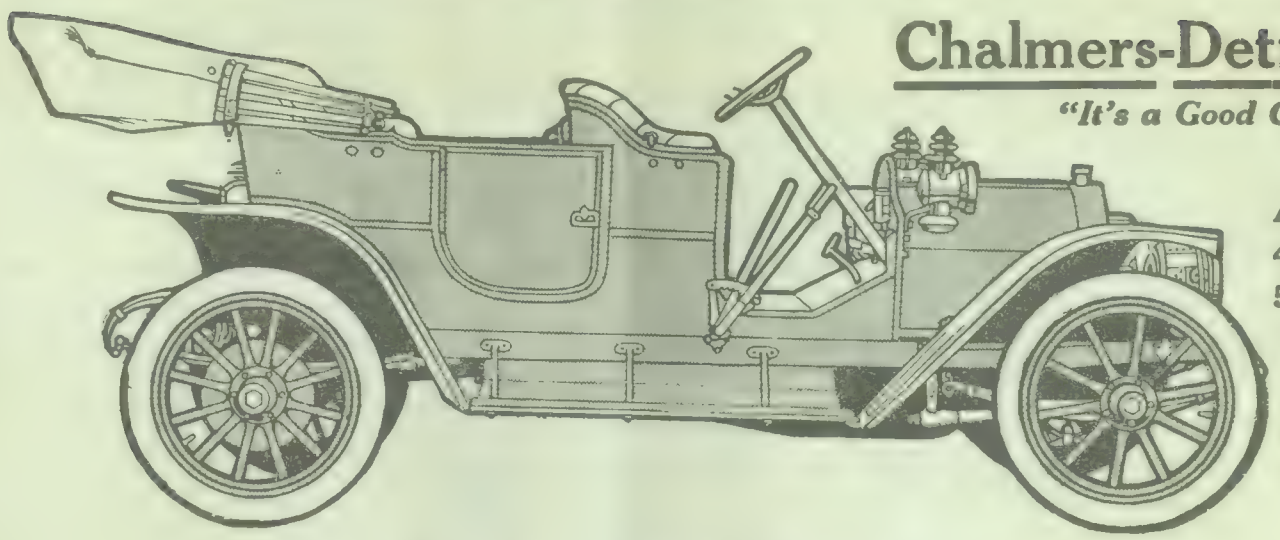

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"It's a Good Car"

A high-grade, 4-cylinder, 5-passenger Car

Only $1500

Yet Note What This Car Has Done

One of these cars ran 20,800 miles in 100 days. That's farther than any car, at any price, ever went in that length of time.

The same car made 208 miles a day for 100 consecutive days on ordinary country roads. It missed not one trip and it never had a single mechanical breakdown.

This car had been run for 6,000 miles through the middle West before it was put to this test. So this one car was driven 27,000 miles on country roads—a liberal five years' service. Yet the bearings remained so perfect that we exhibited them at the New York Show. We also displayed at the show, the wonderfully strong, two-bearing crank shaft, which was in this car during all the 27,000 miles. The long journey had only served to polish it to a mirror-like finish.

On Election Day, Nov. 3, 100 of these cars, in 100 cities, each made a run of 200 miles without a stop of the engine.

Think of that. One hundred stock cars successfully made a 200-mile, non-stop run. And the average. the country over, was 18.2 miles to a gallon of gasoline.

In the Jericho Sweepstakes, two Chalmers-Detroit "30's" won first and second. Both cars lapped all contestants; and the average speed for 150 miles was 48 miles per hour.

This car undeniably attracted more attention at the New York Show than any other car displayed there. Our booth was crowded all day long every day. We sold 79 of these cars at the New York Show alone.

Among the buyers were A. R. Shattuck, President of the Automoble Club of America, and John B. Herreshoff, President of the Herreshoff Manufacturing Company of Bristol, Conn. After buying a "30," Mr. Herreshoff wrote us the following letter:

> "In placing my order this a. m. for a Chalmers-Detroit "30" and also advising my friend to join me in purchasing another of the same model, (which has been done today) I did so after due consideration and examination and trial, and feel satisfied that it is one of the best four-cylinder cars of its size, and certainly the best for the money that has yet been on the market."

Mr. Herreshoff is world-famous as the designer of the yachts which have for so many years successfully defended the American Cup. His acknowledged position as one of the foremost engine builders of the world renders comment on this letter unnecessary.

More Than 1,200 In Use

More than 1,200 of these cars are in actual use. There are owners everywhere to tell you how they like this car.

These are the principal facts:

The designer of this car is Mr. H. E. Coffin—the man who designed our "Forty." Our "Forty" is the highest endorsement a designer ever had.

Mr. Coffin spent two years on our "30"—made two trips to Europe. He has created the most up-to-date car on the market.

Our profit is nine per cent. That means that we are giving more for the money than any maker ever gave.

The factory cost on our 4-cylinder engine is $261. Yet 4-cylinder engines are sold as low as $75. The transmission costs us $94—the axles, $125. The annular ball bearings used in this car cost us $103. No other car costing up to $4,000 uses as many.

We cast the four cylinders en bloc, as in the latest foreign cars. Thus we secure the popular short bonnet, and allow liberal room in the tonneau. For our wheel base is 110 inches.

We use the two-bearing crank shaft and two bearings cannot get out of line. No automobile feature ever was better tested than our two-bearing crank shaft. It is eight times as strong as is necessary.

You would probably never crack a cylinder. But if you did, we would replace all four for $35. This answers every objection.

The Chalmers-Detroit "30" is, in some respects,the most desirable car at any price on the market. It is, in all respects, better than any other car within $500 of its price.

You can easily prove this. Ask some good engineer to make a comparison of the various cars in this class. Take his word. Send us the coupon to learn the facts, and we'll tell you where to see the car.

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No other car has won so many records for speed, endurance and hill-climbing. There was never a car built at any price that was better.

The price is as high as any man should pay for a 5-passenger car. For no extra price can buy anything better. No car has ever given more universal satisfaction to the users.

Made in two styles—Touring Car and Roadster—price $2750.

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Uncle Remus's Magazine—March.

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Formerly E. R. Thomas-Detroit Co.

(Members Association Licensed Automobile Manufacturers.)

Why stir up the Dust Demon to Frenzy like this?

Which Do You Do In Your House—
PACK DIRT IN? OR LIFT IT OUT?

When you use broom or carpet-sweeper, you scatter a large part of the dirt over a wider area, to be rehandled again and again; but that is not all of the evil.

Another large part of the dirt you work deep down into the carpet, there to decompose and putrify, to become the breeding place of germs and insects and to fill the house with musty and sour odors.

With such primitive implements, you simply can't help it; for that is their **constant tendency,** the absolutely necessary result of the **downward pressure** exerted by their every stroke.

Every time you use broom or carpet-sweeper, your every effort drives dirt down into the carpet deeper and deeper, and steadily adds new layers, until the fabric is **packed.**

And that is why you have to renovate.

It is true that the Vacuum System of cleaning is the only absolutely dustless system; but a large part of its remarkable efficiency is due to the fact that its **constant tendency** is **exactly opposite** to that of broom and carpet-sweeper.

Whereas broom and carpet-sweeper pack in the dirt even more solidly, the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner **lifts out,** by its suction force, more and more dirt from lower and lower depths. This it does constantly and always.

In other words, Ideal Vacuum Cleaning removes all the dirt that has been ground into the fabric as well as that which lies loosely on the surface, undoing with every application the evil of broom and carpet-sweeper.

And that is why the Ideal Vacuum Cleaner renovates every time it cleans.

The Ideal Vacuum Cleaner

(FULLY PROTECTED BY PATENTS)

Operated By Hand — *"It Eats Up the Dirt"* — *Or Electric Motor*

The **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** is the great Vacuum Cleaning principle brought to its ideal state of economy and efficiency and **made practical and possible for all.** Weighing only 20 pounds, it is easily carried about. Operated either by hand or little motor connected with any electric light fixture, it requires neither skill nor strength. Compared with sweeping it is no work at all.

There in your home the **IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER** stands working for you, raising absolutely no dust, scarcely making a sound. And yet, under the magic of its work, carpets, rugs, curtains, upholstery, etc., are made clean, wholesome and sweet **through and through.** Mysterious odors disapear, the breeding places of pests are removed, the destruction of fabrics is arrested, and the causes of disease are banished.

So tremendous is the saving effected by the IDEAL VACUUM CLEANER—in money, time, labor, health and strength—that it quickly pays for itself many times over. It is absurd to think that you cannot afford its small price. **How can you afford to be without it?** Try it and you will be ashamed of the conditions you have been living in.

Every machine is guaranteed. Send today for our Free Illustrated Booklet. It tells a remarkable story that will mean a new era in your home.

The American Vacuum Cleaner Company,

225 Fifth Ave., New York City.

The Aldine Fire Place

Gives Three Times More Heat and Uses 60% Less Fuel Than Any Other Fire Place

IT gives three times more heat than any other fire place, because it is the only genuine and practical return draft base burning open fire place. All other grates being directly connected with the chimney and depending on the suction of the chimney flue to give life to the fire, lose 85 per cent of the heat up the chimney, just in proportion to the suction and force with which the fire burns. Less than 15 per cent of this heat is lost by the Aldine.

One-half scuttle of coal once every twelve hours will keep a continuous bright red fire night and day.

It can be easily set with less trouble than any other grate. No special skill or experience is necessary.

It can be piped to the chimney like a stove, allowing of setting it just where you want it.

PERFECT VENTILATION. The Aldine draws the cold air from the floor, heats and purifies it, and returns it even to the furthermost corner of the room.

Saves 60 per cent of the fuel (burns hard or soft coal, coke or gas). Saves the use of the furnace six weeks in the Fall and Spring, almost enough to pay its first cost; and used in connection with furnace in very cold weather, the fuel used in the Aldine is more than saved from the furnace. By using our "top damper" attachment ordinary furnace heating pipes may be run to one, two or three other rooms to heat them also.

The Aldine is made in many handsome designs, finished in copper, brass and black, or in special finishes to match hardware trimmings in the house. 48,000 now in use in every part of the world.

Beware of imitations. There is only one Aldine, and that is fully protected by patents and guaranteed by us.

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When writing advertisers please mention Uncle Remus's—The Home Magazine.

A Glance

Concerning the Possum and ---the Negro

By DON

THE possum and the negro represent a serious problem to Mr. Taft. After having eaten the possum, what is he going to do about the negro?

Eating the possum—that is to say, enjoying the enthusiastic hospitality of the South; swapping good wishes with the South; realizing that the South is at present more than half inclined to make a hero of him, and that it is beginning to expect large things from his administration—no doubt all this has, and will have in the future, a certain effect upon his "Southern policy."

In short, the possum, and all the talk back and forth across the festive boards to which the possum lent its gracious and juicy presence, has likely strengthened Mr. Taft's idea that the "Solid South" is breakable, and that he is the man to break it.

Perhaps; but how about the negro?

How much of the Southern point of view with regard to the negro did Mr. Taft imbibe while eating the possum?

The tumult and the shouting dies, the possums and the Tafts depart. But the negro is still here. And Mr. Taft is going to show himself a mighty clever politician indeed if he can break the solid Democratic South without at the same time impairing the Republican solidity of a few Northern states.

The Becoming a Symbol

THE dinner given Mr. Taft in Atlanta elevated the possum from a humble place among the beasts of the field to the dignity of a symbol. What the "Teddy Bear" was to the outgoing administration the possum seems destined to become to the new regimé. Humanity is never satisfied until it can find the proper sign or nick-name.

History is largely an affair of eagles, lions, unicorns, serpents, hawks, wolves, and so forth. The cartoonists are the heraldic experts of the era, or rather the creators of modern heraldic devices. It is interesting to note how traits such as this preoccupation with symbols and nick-names persist from generation to generation in the human family; presenting themselves in fresh guises and disguises as the ages change. And it is interesting also to notice to how great an extent the animal kingdom is drawn upon to supply names for men and families. All peoples have in this manner recognized and acknowledged the kinship of themselves to the other animals that inhabit the earth, not waiting for the men of science to point it out in formal phrases and uncover the detailed steps of evolution. The possum, familiar enough in the South and now becoming the fashion throughout the rest of the country, is a creature without a great deal of charm. No doubt he has many estimable qualities; but somehow he seems to lack magnetism and vivacity; we would not care for a pet possum; he has neither the winning ways of the squirrel nor the beauty of the hare nor the intelligence of the educated pig; his only claim to fame is his one trick of feigning he is dead, and we have never been able to determine whether that comes from cunning or cowardice; we prefer him cooked, and even then a little of him lasts a long while.

Alive or dead, the possum is heavy company.

The Valiant Puk-Wudjies

VARIOUS Representatives and Senators have been doing all they were able, since Congress convened, to make the last months of President Roosevelt's term resemble a Donnybrook Fair. They have been standing by his gate of exit, so to speak, each one with a stick or a stone in hand, waiting to hit the President as the President passed by. Most of those concerned would not have had the nerve to attack the President openly if he were not now going out of office.

They are acting very like the Puk-Wudjies.

And if you question, if you ask us where we got the name Puk-Wudjie, we will answer and refer you to the Song of Hiawatha. There the current situation is set down in print as follows:

"Far and wide among the nations
Spread the name and fame of Kwasind;
No man dared to strive with Kwasind,
No man could compete with Kwasind.
But the mischievous Puk-Wudjies,
They the envious Little People,
Plotted and conspired against him.
'If this hateful Kwasind,' said they,
'If this great, outrageous fellow
Goes on thus a little longer,
Tearing everything he touches,
Rending everything to pieces,
Filling all the world with wonder,
What becomes of the Puk-Wudjies!
Who will care for the Puk-Wudjies?
He will tread us down like mushrooms,
Drive us all into the water'.
So the angry Little People
All conspired against the Strong Man,
All conspired to murder Kwasind,
Yes, to rid the world of Kwasind,
The audacious, overbearing,
Heartless, haughty, dangerous Kwasind."

Kwasind is going out of office. It is almost safe to throw something at him. And every Puk-Wudjie in Congress sneaks up to shy an acorn or a pebble, and then runs behind a tree.

The President has seemed to enjoy the combined assault upon himself

in Passing

MARQUIS

almost as much as the Puk-Wudjies. Perhaps he doesn't take it very seriously, knowing that he still has the confidence of the majorities, whereas his assailants are chiefly— Puk-Wudjies! Perhaps the true measure of the swath a man has cut may be estimated by the number of Puk-Wudjies who gather around to throw sticks at him, as well as by any other circumstance.

The Atlanta Auto Show

HERETOFORE Southern automobile "fans", when they wanted to see a first-class exhibition of their favorite machines—the most up-to-date creations of the inventors and manufacturers—have been compelled to make a journey to New York, or some other Eastern or Northern metropolis. But now that the automobile people have "discovered" the South, the "fanatics" have determined to hold the next big show in what is at present the country's most lively center of activity, the South.

The reason the Southern people are out-buying any other section of the country in the auto market is not far to seek. The cars are more feasible for all-the-year-round use in the South than in any other part of the country. There are several months in every year in the East and Northwest when a car is practically useless, on account of the weather. But the Southern climate makes a car a delightful possibility from January 1st, around to next New Year's day again; with only the exception of an occasional infrequent stretch of twenty-four hours out of the whole 365 days. And the various county and state authorities in the South are beginning to respond to the demands of the influential automobilists in a way that they have never listened to any other class, with regard to a general improvement of the roads throughout the country.

When the automobile came South it brought better times for every one with it—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that it was the unfailing good times that started the thousands and hundreds of thousands of machines in this direction.

Savannah having shown that she can furnish the best race course, and the speediest races, in the country, the automobilists of Atlanta are now getting ready to prove that they can get together the best exhibition that has yet been shown.

About "Pistol-Toting"

A READER takes exception to a recent article in which "packing a gun"—or "toting a pistol", if you please—is condemned, as a habit that fosters homicides.

"In many parts of the South," writes our correspondent, "our women are not safe from attack on the part of criminal negroes unless there are firearms about the house. There have been numerous cases where the possession of a pistol, and a knowledge of how to use it, has saved a woman from a fate forse than death."

The point is well taken, and gets at the crux of a situation, which might have been more thoroughly discussed in the article mentioned.

The practice condemned is not that of possessing a pistol in the home, or of carrying one abroad when there is likely to be real necessity for its use, as sometimes happens; but the very prevalent habit of carrying revolvers at such times and under such circumstances that they are not at all necessary.

In the majority of cases they are carried rather in the foolish hope that there will be some occasion or excuse for their display or use than because of any real danger which exists—in a spirit of silly vanity, which is none the less dangerous because of its silliness. When a couple of deluded creatures who share this sensationalism have a falling out, over some very trivial matter—as frequently happens—their first thought is not to fight it out with their fists, but to pull a gun and kill. Every village and town in the South has its quota of youths of this description; not as a rule "bad" boys in any general sense, but lacking in a sense of values. The village quarrel—which started over nothing important, and would naturally end in a rough and tumble fight, if the brawlers were not armed—frequently winds up with a fatal shooting simply because the brawlers happen to have the pistols with them.

The matter mentioned by our correspondent is in a different category altogether. Not only is the proper place of the pistol in the home—since its presence there implies that it is to be used for purposes of legitimate defense—but the acquisition of pistols for such purposes is to be advised, instead of merely excused. Every man should see that there is one in his home, and that his wife and daughters know how to use it quickly and effectively. What our correspondent says about the necessity for their use in this way is, unfortunately, only too true, in many parts of the South; and an effective firearm, simple in mechanism, should be in every home.

It Was the Printer

HOW many editorial sins of omission and commission does the compositor not have to suffer for—the poor patient printer!

Is a word mis-spelled; does a wrong date, or a wrong name, get past both proof-readers and editors, it is easy enough to say it was the printer. He can't talk back. At least he doesn't. Perhaps in the course of his career he has acquired such a sovereign contempt for editors that he scorns to bandy words with any of the tribe. He has grown tired of informing them, only to see them disregard his wisdom.

In the February number of UNCLE REMUS'S—THE HOME MAGAZINE there was published an article which contained the extremely misleading statement that Lincoln and Douglas were both Indiana men. There are several people around this shop that know better than that; and we don't know how the error got through the proof-readers and the editors. But we intend to lay it on the printer. We don't think the printer was really responsible; but it's the fashion to lay it on the printer. It's the easiest way out of it. And we'll have to get out of it some way, or the Illinois people will all get mad.

It was the printer.

The Curve of the Gillette makes the Angle for Shaving

WITH any razor but the GILLETTE, whether old style or "safety," the difficulty is to maintain the correct angle when the blade-edge comes in contact with the face.

The movement of arm and wrist is variable. The face presents different curves and surfaces. The angle changes with every stroke.

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The International Journal of Surgery, August, 1905, under the heading **"CYSTITIS,"** says: "In the treatment of Cystitis water is the great **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** is the ideal form in aid to all forms of medication. Moreover, which to administer it to the cystitic patient, as it is not only a pure solvent, but has the additional virtue of containing substantial quantities of the alkaline Lithates. Patients should be encouraged to take from two to four quarts per day if they can, and the relief they will obtain will be all the argument necessary after the first day or so."

Dr. Geo. Ben. Johnston, M.D., LL.D., *Richmond, Va., Ex-President Southern Surgical and Gynecological Association, Ex-President Virginia Medical Society, and Professor of Gynecology and Abdominal Surgery, Medical College of Virginia:* "If I were asked what mineral water has the widest range of usefulness, I would unhesitatingly answer, **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** In Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout, Rheumatism, Lithæmia, and the like, its action is prompt and lasting. . . . . **Almost any case of Pyelitis and Cystitis will be relieved by it, and many cured."**

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An "Uncle Remus" Letter

31 January, 1897.

DEAR BILLY-ANN:

I see you are still wearing the cross of honor. Well, that is right. Your report, too, is very satisfactory. It is *more human,* you know, to find a few 98's among the 100's.

And, speaking of chills, have you been cold this winter? Don't say a word to anybody, but out in the back-yard is a piece of ice ten inches thick. It came out of a tub, and is solid. I had to wrap myself in a blanket to look at it.

The mercury went downstairs last week and stayed there till yesterday. It rained and the rain froze as it fell until the streets and sidewalks were slicker than glass.

One man on the sidewalk who went to bow to a lady in the street car sat down upon himself with a dull, sickening thud. He had his hat in his hand when he concluded to fall, and how he got it under him, I never could tell. It was a high hat when he went down. When he rose it wasn't fatter than a fried egg.

By good luck I kept from falling, but I had some narrow escapes. Friends, acquaintances and strangers fell at my side and all around me as thick as autumn leaves, but a clear conscience and a sober mind preserved me.

My water-meter has collapsed, and that means steen dollars for another—and the rooster's comb was friz, (or is it fruz?); and the stoves wouldn't give out any heat; and I changed the name of my new story from "One Mile to Shady Dale" to "A Quarter of a Mile from the North Pole". The only characters in it are to be a broken-down thermometer and an iceberg.

All the news has fruz (or is it friz?) up, and consequently I can't send you any; likewise, consequently, this letter must be dull and short. Your affectionate

DAD.

LETTERS FROM THE CHILDREN

Brer Rabbit Changes Costume

Kalispell, Mont.—Dear Uncle Remus: My grandfather was born and reared in the sunny South. My father, too, was born in the same state—South Carolina—but moved to Missouri, where he married. There are three children in our family. My oldest sister and I were born in Missouri. My youngest sister was born in Montana. My grandfather, three aunts and several cousins reside in Georgia. It must be fine fun to live in the South, where there are so many sunshiny days and beautiful flowers! But our state, too, has many bright days and many kinds of sport for the boys and girls. Our home is west of the great Rocky Mountains, and in winter we coast with our sleds on the hills and have a jolly good time. We also go skating, which is the grandest of all out-door sports. Our streams are beautiful, clear and cold. Most of them are fed from the snow of the mountains. When winter comes on and the streams begin to freeze, the ice forms on the stones at the bottom before it does on the surface of the water. My papa goes to the creek when the ice gets very thick, and with a large saw cuts out large blocks of ice and puts them away in a building. He packs sawdust all around the blocks, which keeps them from melting, and we have beautiful clear ice for our milk and butter all through the hot summer. When we go to town in winter we do not use wagon or carriage, but go in the sleigh.

We have a little creature here that I wish to tell the boys and girls of Dixie about. It is a rabbit which papa says is almost exactly like those that live in the South. Just before the snow begins to fall, this little bunny, who all summer is brown, begins to change his coat of that color for one of snow white. His eyes, which all summer are brown, change to a beautiful pink. Is this not strange? The hills and mountains of this state are covered with a dense growth of timber, all of which is of the pine family. These great forests are the home of many wild creatures, such as bears, mountain lions, wolves, elk, deer, moose, sheep, goats, lynx and many other smaller animals. Sometimes hunters venture too far into these forests, get lost and die from hunger and cold. Our home is in the beautiful Flathead Valley, where we have fine fruit and grain farms, churches, schools, rural free delivery and telephones. I am a little girl thirteen years old and am in the Sixth grade. If this, my first letter, is printed in the Magazine, I will feel very proud, and will write again some day. NETTIE HOWARD.

R. F. D. 3.

She Knew Uncle Remus

San Diego, Calif.—Dear Uncle Remus: My papa takes your Magazine and we are always happy when it comes. I love to read the letters from the little children, and would like to join them. I am a little Atlanta girl seven years old. My father was very sick and we came to California to spend a year. We are living six miles east of San Diego. Where we live it is much higher than in the city, and from our house we can see the ocean and the big ships coming into the bay and the light-house on Point Loma. The mountains are only a few miles east of us. We can see the snow on the high peaks, but here it is warm and bright. The roses and geraniums are blooming in the yards, and lemon and orange trees are loaded with fruit. Our home in Atlanta was close to "Snap Bean Farm". A year ago to-day my papa and I were out walking, Sunday afternoon, and we met "Uncle Remus" with his little grandsons. I did not know when he shook my hand and told me good-by I would never see him again. I love to read his stories.

R. F. D. 1. PATTIE FERRIS.

Wolf Howls at Whistles

Lexington, Okla.—Dear Uncle Remus: I am thirteen years old, and am a real Western girl, although I was born in Georgia and lived there until six years ago, when we moved to Lexington—the "Queen City" of Oklahoma, situated in a beautiful valley of the South Canadian River. My papa is a physician. We live just out of town and ride in to school. I have a fine time horse-back riding, and sometimes go quail-hunting in the field back of our ranch. There is where Brer Wolf lives, and you should hear him howl when the five o'clock whistles blow in the morning! He does no harm except occasionally to slip over and steal a turkey or a pig. My brothers, Kirk and Walter, are ten and seven yars old, and my twin brothers, Brewster and Byron, are nearly two years old. They certainly are cute and interesting. I spent last year in Florida with my grandfather, and visited in Atlanta and returned. It was a delightful trip, but there's no place so pleasant to live in as Oklahoma. The climate here is fine. The sun shines almost every day in the year. We have all kinds of fruit and melons. You know this is the land of mistletoe, so we sure had everything decorated with it Christmas.

PAULINE COLEMAN.

She Can Manage a Horse

Clarksville, Tex.—Dear Uncle Remus: I am a little girl twelve years old. I live in the sunny Southland, where the roses are beautiful and the trees are green. I enjoy reading the children's letters very much, and I thought I would attempt to write one. I live in one of the oldest towns in the state. We have a number of beautiful buildings and three very expensive churches, besides several other churches which are less expensive. We have a handsome stone courthouse and a nice stone Texas and Pacific station. We have also a handsome Carnegie library. This county (Red River) is noted for its long staple cotton. Clarksville is said to be the best cotton market of the South. I have two cats, "Tabby" and "Fritz". They are black and white, spotted. I love them very much; in fact, I love all animals. I can harness and hitch a horse to the buggy about as quick as anyone. I sometimes take my father's dinner and drive to him. When I start to school again I will be in the Sixth grade. If this misses the waste-basket, perhaps I will write again. GRYLA WHEAT.

Grinding Sugarcane in Florida

Rutland, Fla.—Dear Uncle Remus: I live in the country about twelve miles from town. We have a postoffice out here where we get our mail delivered. I go to a public school three miles away. This is not a thickly-settled country at all; we are a mile from our nearest neighbor. We live close to the Withlacoochee River, in Sumter County. We have picnics sometimes at the river; also fish-fries. Some of the people around here go to the Gulf to get salt mullet and oysters.

Prize Winners for March

Following is a List of the Prize Letter Writers for the Month:

NETTIE HOWARD, Kalispell, Mont., R. F. D. 3.
PATTIE FERRIS, San Diego, Calif., R. F. D. 1.
PAULINE COLEMAN, Lexington, Oklahoma.
HELEN HUNT, 920 S. Main St., Aberdeen, S. Dak.
SALLIE M. O'GUIN, Rutland, Fla.

Latest Designs

6209 Girl's Empire Dress, 6 to 12 years.

6221 Boy's Suit, 6 to 12 years.

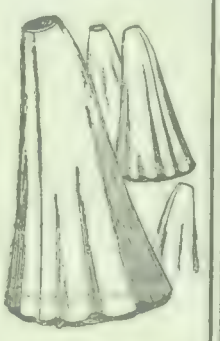
6217 Infant's Slip, One Size.

6222 Girl's Plaited Princesse Dress, 8 to 14 years.

6208 Boy's Suit, 4 and 6 years.

6219 Breakfast Jacket with Peplum, 32 to 42 bust.

6224 Plain or Tucked One-Piece Sleeves, Small, Medium and Large.



6226 Circular Skirt, 22 to 32 waist.

6210 Combination Under Garment, 34 to 44 bust.

6205 Bust Supporter and Reducer, 38 to 46 bust.

6211 Men's Overalls, 32 to 46 waist.

Any one of the above patterns will be sent you post-paid for ten cents. Give age desired and number of pattern, and send with ten cents in coin or stamps to

PATTERN DEPARTMENT
Sunny South Pub. Co.
ATLANTA, GA.

Letters from the Children

There is a boat on the river now for carrying freight.

We have a good time eating oranges this time of the year, and we also have fine crops of grapes in August and September. I am a little girl thirteen years old. I am in the Seventh grade. I have three sisters, one of whom is married. I am the youngest. I like to read the children's letters. I wish some of the girls about my age would write to me. I have a pet dog and cat. The people here are grinding cane now. The cane juice is certainly good and cold. Well, as my letter is getting long, I will close.

SALLIE M. O'GUIN.

Set Them an Example, Selden

Barbourville, Ky.—Dear Uncle Remus: I live in a small mountain town in Knox County. Nearly every day—but mostly on court days—great crowds of cou try people pass our house, "going to town". Most of the country women chew tobacco or "dip" snuff. If you could slip in on them some night you would find a lot of girls and boys sitting around the fire-place. Young or old, they will have tobacco or snuff in their mouths. If you would sit in front of the fire-place with your face toward the fire your face would be hot while your back would be freezing, as there would most likely be a whole lot of holes in the wall so big that dogs, pigs and chickens could come and go as they wanted to. But the scenery around here is just beautiful. The Cumberland River flows right back of our house, and on account of heavy rains that have fallen this week and last, has overflowed its banks. I used to live in Elmira, N. Y., but I have been here nearly four years, and like it fine. I am eleven years old.

SELDEN CARY.

Sleighing With Mr. Jelley

Odessa, Mo.—Dear Uncle Remus: I enjoy the letters in the Magazine. I go to Odessa High school. We have been having cold weather and snow and very nice sleigh-riding. One evening after school three of my little friends and I took two sleds and started out coasting. About the time we got into the street, Mr. Jelley came along in his sleigh, and of course we hooked our sleds on. He took us for a long ride. When we were turning a corner two of the girls fell off. Finally, Mr. Jelley stopped and they got on again. We got home safely without any more of the girls falling off. Mr. Jelley is as nice as his name. I am eleven years old. I would like to exchange post-card views of Odessa for other views. JESSIE ADAMS.

Wants Girl Correspondents

Spruce Pine, Ala.—Dear Uncle Remus: I live in the North Alabama mountains. It is a very healthy place and the water is pure and the lands are cheap. I am a little girl ten years of age and in the Sixth grade. I would like to correspond with some of the little girls of my age. My papa takes your Magazine. I always read the letters in it nearly as soon as we get it, but I have not seen a letter from Alabama since we have been taking it, and I hope this will not reach the waste-basket.

MARY SCHARNAGEL.

Wants to Exchange Cards

Aberdeen, S. Dak.—Dear Uncle Remus: I enjoy reading the letters in the Magazine. I am a little deaf girl eleven years old. My teacher, who used to live in the South, gets your Magazine every month. She lets me read it. Let me tell you about this cold country: It is a prairie country. The wind blows very often. It has snowed a great deal this winter, and has been very cold.

Wheat, corn, flax, barley and oats grow in this country. My papa has several farms. He is a real estate man. We are living in a small city. We have two moving picture theaters here. I like to go to see the pictures. My uncle Walter is an usher in one of the theaters. He lets me go in free. This theater is called the Bijou. I went to another theater, the Idle Hour, yesterday afternoon with a friend, whose name is Lillian Bolo. I would like to exchange some cards with the little girls who read the children's letters.

HELEN HUNT.
920 South Main Street.

Writes About Bainbridge

Bainbridge, Ga.—Dear Uncle Remus: I am a little girl thirteen years old. I am going to write you about Bainbridge, the town in which I live. It has 8,000 inhabitants. Bainbridge has mail carriers. The houses are numbered. There are many great oaks in the town. There is a river flowing near my home. It is the Flint River. There are two large boats and one small one that run on it. There is a theatorium in Bainbridge. There are three large hotels here. Bainbridge has a large school with 325 pupils. There are two parks here, a large courthouse, and five churches and two passenger stations. The streets up in town are paved. There are two large concrete houses in Bainbridge. There is a cigar factory and a large tobacco warehouse. There are two lakes near my town. Their names are Twin Lake and Douglas Lake.

MARY TOMLINSON.
506 North Crawford Street.

Strangers in Town

Commerce, Tex.—Dear Uncle Remus: Mamma has been a subscriber to your Magazine ever since you began publishing it. We all like it—and I especially like to read about Brer Rabbit. I don't see how you can think up so many hair-raising stories. Our Brer Rabbit has made his home under our house for a long time, but has failed to put in an appearance lately—am much afraid he has fallen a prey to some vile dog. I live in a Texas town—Commerce. The East Texas Normal College is located here. The State Normal is now in session and the town is full of strangers, sime six or seven hundred in all. I go to the public school, and am in the high fifth grade. The city is making such a pratty park in the edge of town, which will add much to the looks as well as furnish a pleasure resort for all who care for pretty flowers, natural trees, grassy lawns, etc.

GENEVIEVE LINDSEY.

She Catches Large Fish

Olema, Cal.—Dear Uncle Remus: I am a litle girl ten years old. I live in the country, in Marin county. I have read your stories about the animals, and I like them very much. As I live in the country, I see a great many "Brer Rabbits". I like to watch them run and hide in the brush. Right back of our house there is a forest, and beyond that the ocean. Sometimes I can hear the waves beating against the cliff. A creek is between our ranch and the woods, and I go fishing in it when it is fishing season. Sometimes I catch very big fish. They are trout. I have two sisters. Their names are Marion and Marjorie. Please keep on writing stories for us in your Magazine, for I like them very much.

ALICE DICKSON.

Wraps Up the Butter

Edinburg, Pa.—Dear Friends: I am an eleven-year-old girl and I live in the country. My papa works in the creamery, and we print all of our butter in one-pound prints, and I wrap most of it. The name of the creamery is Goldendale. We have a farm in Eastern Pennsylvania. It is the old homestead. Most of our relatives live near there, and mamma and I expect to visit them. I enjoy reading the Children's Department very much. I received a year's subscription for UNCLE REMUS'S—THE HOME MAGAZINE for a Christmas present. I have twenty-three little chickens and two pet hens whose names are Fanny and Bell. I also had the cutest little kitten, but it died. It was all white and I called it snowball.

VIEVA MOTT.
R. F. D. 2, Lawrence Co.

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of the richest and purest cow's milk is retained in Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Milk (unsweetened). It is especially adapted for use either plain or diluted on breakfast fruits or cereals. In coffee and chocolate it is much better than fresh cream. It enriches all milk dishes.

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A Cocoa of inferior quality or artificially flavored soon ceases to be palatable; but the genuine BAKER'S COCOA never loses its relish by constant use. It is a perfect food, preserves health, prolongs life.

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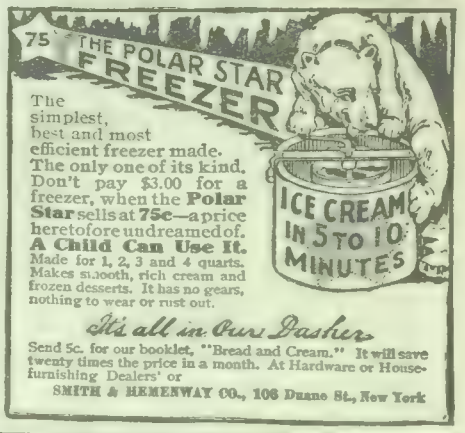

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Send 5c. for our booklet, "Bread and Cream." It will save twenty times the price in a month. At Hardware or House-furnishing Dealers' or

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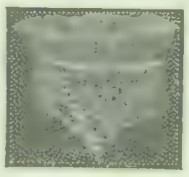

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at
Wholesale Prices

SPECIAL OFFER: This exquisite imported Baby Irish Gibson Collar trimmed with the latest style chiffon ruching will be sent postpaid with our Fashion Book upon receipt of 29 cents. Money back if not satisfied.

We import and manufacture the newest styles in Parisian and London Neckwear, Laces and Embroideries. We sell direct to you saving all retail profits. Send for our handsomely illustrated Lace, Embroidery and Neckwear Fashion Book; it's free. Address Dept. R., VALENCIA LACE & EMBROIDERY CO., 416 Broadway & 276 Canal St., New York City.

Ask dealer for it. Trade Mark
Free Sample. Write Dept. P
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Bear the script name of Stewart Hartshorn on label.
Get "Improved," no tacks required.
Wood Rollers *Tin Rollers*

"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"

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We have more than 100,000 satisfied customers in more than 17,000 cities, villages and towns in the United States who have each saved from $5 to $40 by buying a Kalamazoo stove or range on

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direct from our factory at actual factory prices. No stove or range has a higher reputation or gives better satisfaction. You run no risk. You save all dealers' profits. We pay the freight.

Send a Postal for Catalogue

For Coal or Wood Stoves and Ranges, ask for Catalogue No. 342
For Gas Stoves and Ranges, ask for Catalogue No. 837

Kalamazoo Stove Company, Mfrs., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Our patent oven thermometer makes baking and roasting easy.

A Mirror-Smooth Shine on your stove will really please you when you find that you can have it with no dust and almost no effort at all by using our ready-mixed

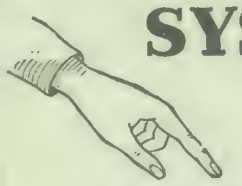
SUN PASTE STOVE POLISH

It is absolutely safe for a child to use—not inflammable or explosive like some inferior so-called liquids that always settle out. Apply it with a wet cloth and polish lightly with a dry cloth and it is done. Try it next time.

MORSE BROTHERS, Proprietors,
Canton, Mass., U. S. A.

THE WONDER STOVE LID SYSTEM

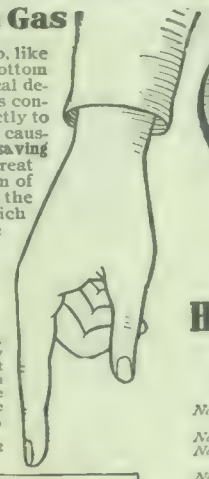
WILL CUT YOUR COAL BILL IN HALF AND GIVE YOU BETTER COOKING AND BAKING

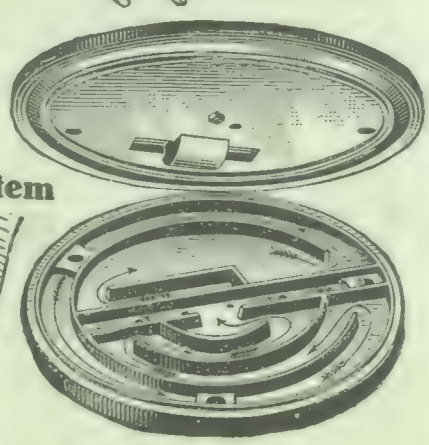


It is a well-known scientific fact that 85% of the energy of heat is wasted by the kitchen stove in the unconsumed gases which escape up the chimney and out into the room.

The Wonder Stove Lid System Burns the Waste Gas!

The Wonder Lid looks, on top, like any other stove lid. But the bottom side is an ingenious mechanical device which automatically feeds continuously-heated oxygen directly to the surface of the fire, thereby causing all the gases to burn and saving all the heat! The result is a great saving in fuel, the elimination of fumes, smoke and coal gas, and the maintenance of even heat, which increases the life and service of the stove.





SECTIONAL VIEW
Arrows show course the air takes.

The Whole Family Is Interested

In the reduction of household expense. The Wonder Lid will pay monthly interest of 33 1-3 per cent to 50 per cent and keep it up a lifetime. Can you beat this for an investment? Only one Wonder Lid necessary with any stove or range, and any kind of fuel—coal, coke, wood, etc., can be used.

The Wonder Lid lasts a life-time. It cannot get out of order.

HERE IS OUR PROPOSITION

Put the WONDER STOVE LID on Your Range or Stove. Try it TWO WEEKS at our expense.

Note the small amount of coal, wood or coke consumed as compared with what you burned before.
Note the hot, even, clean, easily-controlled fire.
Note the freedom from coal gas, smoke and unhealthful fumes.
Note the clean ashes and the absence of half-burned coals and clinkers.

If the Wonder Stove Lid does not accomplish all of this, return it and get your money back—no red tape! How can you lose by this?

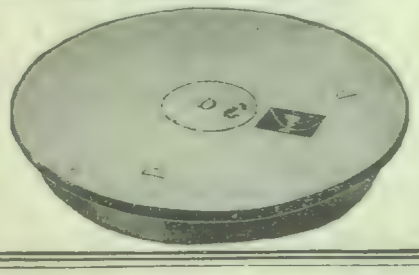
WHAT ONE COOK SAID

Our cook told me the other day that she closed the stove up Sunday at three o'clock, and Monday morning she got breakfast with the same fire without putting a kernel of coal in the stove. The Wonder Stove Lid *has cut our coal bill more than half.*
THOS. B. CRARY, *President 1900 Washer Co. Binghamton, N. Y.*

WE GUARANTEE TO SAVE YOU 1/3 TO 1/2 YOUR FUEL BILL

WRITE TO-DAY for booklet, explaining this great fuel-saving device. State make of your stove or range, size of lids and diameter of smoke pipe, and whether it has single or double smoke pipe.

THE WONDER STOVE LID



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Here is a golden opportunity for an energetic man or woman who thoroughly means business. Write us now for exclusive territory.

The "Gem" Cooker

AGENTS! WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS of pure aluminum cooking utensils, want agents to take orders for the PATENTED-GEM-STEAM COOKERS and 700 other specialties. We teach you the work, get you the business by advertising in your local newspapers. $2,500.00 IN PRIZES. 60 DAYS CREDIT OUTFIT FREE. Write quick for territory and the greatest money making proposition in the country.
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Columbus Carriage & Harness Co.
Station 76 Columbus, O.

Open House

A Queen of Hearts

"THE perfect woman nobly planned," dreamed of by the poets, exists in the Twentieth century, according to the European press, in the person of the earthquake heroine—Helene, Queen of Italy. A Berlin journal declares that the Queen combines in herself all the qualities of the great Bible women. She is a reincarnation of Esther in her surpassing beauty and her devotion to her people; she is a reproduction of Miriam in her courage; of Sara in her gracious dignity; her moral purity and her loving deference to her husband, and of Rachel in her affection for her children. With all these traits of historic women, she possesses one quality which is the flower of modern social progress—a broad and active humanitarianism—a desire and a will to help her fellow-beings.

The story of the heroic service she hastened to render the wounded and famished survivors of the Sicilian earthquake disaster was quickly flashed over the world, but few recalled that on many prior occasions her courage and her humanity had helped to save and succor her stricken people. Two years ago she nearly lost her life in an earthquake-uprooted section of her kingdom, where she was actively aiding to rescue unfortunates. At the celebration of her thirty-sixth birthday, on the very night at whose close came this latest direful earthquake, she received among her most prized birthday gifts an engrossed tablet from the Calabrians, thanking her for the service she had done them a few years ago, when, in the garb of a trained nurse, she took charge of an improvised hospital in one of the many wrecked villages of the now desolated province.

The courage of the Queen and her physical endurance are almost incredible in one so delicately reared. For hours she aided in the work of extricating the wounded and transporting them on stretchers, on one occasion rescuing a child by climbing the walls of a dismantled hut and releasing the babe which had been pinioned beneath a fallen beam. With complete mastery of her emotions—and no evidence of feminine hysteria, she moved among the dead and dying, sometimes bruised and trampled by the panic-stricken crowds, showing no token of weakness until after two days of work and fasting she fainted while giving milk to a famishing babe. As showing the dramatic contrasts was her life, the same royal palace near Naples which two evenings before had been the scene of her birthday celebration, was now transformed into a hospital for the earthquake sufferers, and she who had so lately presided there, her strange classic beauty set off with jewels and lace, now moved among the rows of beds and pallets, wearing a plain linen dress and cap, washing and dressing wounds and giving nourishment prepared under her own supervision. Her simplicity of manner, her forgetfulness of self, the absence of posing in her attitude constitute her crowning charm.

No estimate can be made of the value of such an example, on the part of a sovereign—a young and beautiful woman—in inspiring other dwellers on the heights to deeds of charity, sympathy and fellowship with those in the humble walks of life.

Heroines of the Confederacy

YET it is not the good and fair Queen of Italy who has best illustrated heroism in the last half century. The palm of this should be given to the women of the South for their courage, their endurance, their self-sacrificing helpfulness during the Civil War. Our Northern brothers are recognizing this now as never before. The Philadelphia *Ledger,* in reviewing Miss E. F. Andrews's uniquely interesting book, "War-Time Journal of a Georgia Girl," takes occasion to say: "History has few more splendid chapters than that which tells of the heroic suffering and endurance of Southern women in the Civil War. Marvelous indeed was the courage with which they faced the trials of those days—their unfaltering devotion and the unabated cheerfulness with which they clung to their beautiful traditions of courtesy and unquestioning hospitality, though they had almost nothing to eat and were never sure of keeping a roof over their heads."

An editorial writer in the New York *Tribune* applauds the efforts being made in the South to erect a monument to the women of the Confederacy, and says: "It is fitting that future generations should have a visible reminder of the self-sacrifice and heroic work done by the Southern women during those four dark years, not to inspiring martial music and the excitement of a battle-field, but on deserted plantations in the midst of almost inconceivable hardships. Many of these women, after their homes were burned or pre-empted and their crops destroyed, devoted themselves to nursing their own wounded and also the suffering men in blue."

An instance of "the unquestioning hospitality even when half starving," spoken of by the *Ledger,* is afforded by an experience of Miss Mary Gay, author of "Life in Dixie During the War". Her mother's home, in Decatur, Ga., had been taken as headquarters by a cavalry regiment, and her servants and provisions confiscated. When the soldiers went away there was nothing eatable left, save the grains of corn scattered on the ground where they had fed their horses. These grains the ladies—reared in luxury—picked from the ground, and also out of the cracks of the drawers of their mahogany bureaus which the soldiers had used as feeding troughs. They crushed the corn into hominy and cooked it, and gave a portion to a sick Federal soldier who had been left behind and whom they nursed until he was well.

Chat

THE age limit of the woman of charm is elastic: it has widened considerably of late. President Taft, in his tactful address to the prospective woman teachers of the Athens, Ga., Normal School, held up for their admiration the actively useful attractive bachelor woman of seventy, and, in a letter to the Open House, Kate Klein, of the Texas Press Club, says that Madame de Savon, an accomplished club woman of the Lone Star State, has recently exploited the Girl of Sixty and declared that high thought, love and charity, will make a woman perennially beautiful. Well, we have had in the past notable women, beside Cleopatra, whom age could not wither, but it is told that these coddled their complexions and enhanced their charms artificially, while the gospel of beauty as preached to-day is that outward beauty flowers from within, which is a decided step forward.

Keeping the dew of romance and sentiment in the heart has the effect

Conducted by

MARY E. BRYAN

of preserving youthful attractiveness. It was this which gave the grace of youth to that wonderful woman—Mrs. Annie Chambers Ketchum—born in Tennessee and noted in Collier's history of that state as poet, novelist, musician and actress. She was nearly eighty when I saw her last. Her dark eyes retained the fire and her slender figure the graceful suppleness of seventeen. Later she personated Adam in the play, "As You Like It," given by the Professional Women's League of New York, all the actors being women.

Mr. Orton aptly asserts that the open fire place is dear to Cupid. It is now old-fashioned and fast passing, but in some sweet country homes lovers still invoke its spell, as is the days when "Major Jones" of "Courtship" fame made bashful love to his Mary beside the wide chimney-place in which the fire—the only light in the room—had burned down to one flickering pine knot. Just at the critical moment when he waited in agonized suspense for her answer, in his excitement he spat on the solitary pine knot—and, as in Tam O'Shanter, "in an instant all was dark". Miss Mary ran laughing from the room, and the Major stumbled over the spinning wheel and waked all the dogs.

Lady May's pathetic true story of Karl, whose life was ruined by his mother's unmotherly treatment of him, is not a solitary instance. Many so-called black sheep of the household who have lost heart and gone to the bad, might have made happy, useful men had they not been misunderstood and wrongly managed at home. A good mother will study her boy's nature and adapt her training to his needs.

Will not some of our Southern members—Tennesseean, Julia Tait, Matt Clark, or Fineta—tell Californian something about John Fox, whose pictures of life in his native state Californian admired, wondering if they are as real as they seem to be. J. Barrackman's account of early farm life in Kansas is interesting. I hope more of our circle will tell us about their homes, relate queer or interesting incidents and give us snap-shot pictures of people they have seen, as Helen Edwards and Kansas Woman have done.

Martha, I am as sure as you are that many of the happiest women in the world are farmers' wives; all the same I want to see more labor-saving contrivances in these women's kitchens and more variety injected into their lives. "Will he give us another chance?" voices a question that haunts every soul. I hope Grace Wilson will come often; also Worland, who is an old Household friend en masque, Matt Clark, Crank and Adelaide McGowan. S. T. M., of Ilinois, asks: "What does the Open House think of Eugenics? I notice in the papers that one of its apostles at a recent meeting of the society advocated colonizing all the 'unfit' population and allowing it to die out—starve out, I suppose. Is this a new scheme, or one adopted from the savages? It reverses the order of things, as told in the quotation you gave from Shelley, 'The good die first'."

The heartless idea of thinning the population by eliminating the unfits and misfits is not new. It originated in the Christian era with an English clergyman named Malthus, hence it is called Malthusianism. He might have adopted it from the savages, who kill—and eat—the old, weak and deformed of their tribe. That quotation about the good dying first isn't from Shelley—crediting him with it was a *lapsus pennae* of mine. It is from Wordsworth's "Excursion," a poem little read nowadays but fine—in spots.

Letters from the Members

Keep to the Right

"Keep to the Right" is a law of the road, the observance of which prevents collisions and smash-ups. The same law applies to the great highway of life—on which humanity is traveling—a varied and motley crowd, children with wondering eyes, youths with eager, hopeful outlook, manhood with firm step and earnest purpose, age with retrospective gaze and faltering tread.

The way is thickly strewn with wrecks—broken ideals, crushed hopes, ruined careers—all due to failure to obey the law of the road—keep to the right. The young man who is thoughtlessly forming habits of idleness, dissipation and extravagance is failing to keep to the right and pretty sure to land in the ditch of disgrace or the slough of despair. The man who engages in a tempting business venture which involves a sacrifice of principle in that it takes advantage of another's ignorance or lack of information, is turning to the left. He may reach a temporary gain through some smart trick of the law, but the crooked path will bring him to grief in the end.

The girl whose vanity tempts her to frivolity and a craze for pleasure and conquest, the woman who seeks to injure a sister woman by malicious gossip, the man who plays the tyrant in his home, have turned to the left and forgotten the law of the road.

Keep to the Right! Golden words that should be graven on the memory—that should stand like finger posts beside every divergent path of temptation on the human highway. Keep to the right—only then can you reach the goal of true life in this world and in the world beyond.

Arkansas. WORLAND.

Farm Life In Kansas—Then and Now

In the month of February, 1880, I, an ex-Confederate soldier, moved with my family from an old Kentucky home to the new State of Kansas. While we were not pioneers, yet the country was very sparsely settled at that time. There were small towns along the streams, but few and widely scattered were the homes on the prairies. We settled on a farm near a road known as the "State Road", and we were never out of the sight of a prairie schooner (covered wagon). Some were going west, but fully as many were going east, back to "my wife's people". The years just previous to 1880 had been most discouraging to the Kansas settlers. The blighting visitations of either the grasshoppers, the chinch-bugs, the hot winds or the drought had caused many of them to turn their backs on sections of the country which are now the best in the state, the lands selling for a hundred dollars an acre. There was a noted camping place on a stream near our home: here the "wagon trains"—the incomers and the outgoers, would meet and spend the night.

We lived twenty miles from a railroad. No church was near, occasionally we had services in the school house. Everybody was on an equality and all seemed to enjoy life out on the free, wide prairie. The first year after our coming the corn crops were destroyed by the hot winds. In two days' time the green fields looked as if a fire had swept them. Then the drought

Your Complexion

DOES IT NEED A "COLD CREAM" OR A MASSAGE CREAM?

To-day one doesn't have to argue the necessity of using *some* face cream. Well-groomed people confess the necessity of *some* face cream for preserving ***skin health*** just as they confess the necessity of umbrellas or rubbers or raincoats for preserving *general health.*

It is to-day rather a question of ***"Which face cream,"*** or better still, ***"Does my skin need a cold cream*** or a ***MASSAGE cream in order that I may always appear good-looking, clean-looking, wholesome and, yes, young-looking?"***

"Cold" or "grease" creams have their uses, but are not sufficient for the face any more than one kind of food is sufficient for the stomach, or one kind of medicine to cure any disease. Use cold or grease creams, if you will—there are ***hundreds*** of brands. But ***no matter how many you use*** you should always have a place on your dresser for a massage cream, and there is ***only one with a national reputation,*** namely, POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM.

Now for the ***difference*** between an ordinary cold cream and a real massage cream like Pompeian. Cold creams are merely rubbed into the pores—***and stay there.*** This may feel good, but not really improve the looks. Pompeian Massage Cream is rubbed into the pores ***and then out again,*** bringing with it all the pore-clogging impurities—soap particles, dust, soot, etc. It is this foreign matter in the pores which causes muddy complexions, blackheads, face "shine" and similar disfigurements

The pores *must* be cleansed before the *rosy* blood can get the circulation it seeks. When you massage with Pompeian Massage Cream you'll be astonished at the results.

"Your Pompeian Massage Cream ***positively insults*** me every time I use it," a man recently wrote us. "I had no idea so much dirt could get in the pores and stay there, despite soap and water."

"When first I used Pompeian," wrote a woman, "I was as astonished as at my first Turkish bath."

You see the point. Pompeian being a "rolling" massage cream (that is, it rolls out the dirt), gets at the root of facial troubles, namely, clogged pores. "Grease" or "cold" creams do not—can not—roll out the dirt, and in fact merely rub it in. And ***it is the dirt that is in***—not the dirt that is on—that retards circulation, and makes people's faces sallow and muddy instead of being clear and fresh and smooth. For a soft, clear, clean skin use POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM.

Send For Sample Jar

You have been reading and hearing about Pompeian for years. You know it is the most popular face cream made, 10,000 jars being sold daily. You have meant to try it, but have not done so. This is your chance to discover what a vast difference there is between an ordinary "cold" cream and a scientifically made Massage Cream like Pompeian. Fill out the coupon to-day and prepare for a delightful surprise when you receive our quarter ounce sample jar. A 16-page booklet on the care of the face sent with each jar. When writing enclose 10 cents in silver or stamps (United States only) to cover cost of postage and packing.

Sold by all druggists, 50c and $1 per jar. Sent postpaid to all parts of the world, if not obtainable at your dealer's. Accept no substitutes.

The Pompeian Mfg. Company
77 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

POMPEIAN *Massage Soap is appreciated by all who are particular in regard to the quality of the soap they use. For sale by all dealers—25c a cake; box of three cakes, 60c.*

CUT OUT ALONG DOTTED LINE, FILL IN AND MAIL TO-DAY

Pompeian Mfg. Co., 77 Prospect St., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10c., to cover cost of postage and packing. Please send me one copy of your famous illustrated massage book and a special sample jar of Pompeian Massage Cream.

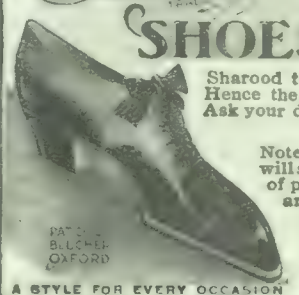
Name _____

Address _____

Let Me Tell You Why Women of Good Judgment Prefer

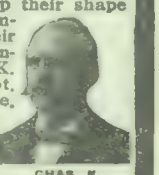
SHAROOD'S

SANITOS SHOES $3.50



They combine style, comfort, hygine and durability. They keep their shape to their last day and are comfortable from the first. Their *exclusive feature* is the special patented inner sole, invented by Charles K. Sharood to overcome shoe faults and gives ease to the foot. Hence the superior quality not to be found in any other make. Ask your dealer for SHAROOD'S SANITOS.

Yours for Comfort, Hygeia



CHAS. K. SHAROOD

Note: If your dealer hasn't them, we will send you a pair, prepaid, on receipt of price ($3.50), and *guarantee to refund your money* if you are not *absolutely satisfied with them.* Ask about our special offer—*How to Get a Pair Free.* Send for Catalogue of Latest Models.

A STYLE FOR EVERY OCCASION

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357 Broadway, ST. PAUL, MINN.

TO DEALERS—*The exclusive agency for SANITOS Shoes is open in every town where we are not now represented.*

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An Unlimited Number of Prizes will be distributed among those who make a copy of this picture. If our Art Director decides that your copy is even 40 per cent. as good as the original, it will win an illustrated magazine **FREE OF CHARGE FOR SIX MONTHS,** showing the work of the most prominent artists of the country.

No Money Required to Win a Prize—It will not cost you a cent to enter this contest. Sit right down now and copy this picture with either pencil or pen and ink. See how well you can do it. If you are a prize winner it will prove you have talent for drawing.

Copy This Picture and Win a Prize

Thousands of people now earning small pay have illustrating ability, but do not know it. If you will send your drawing to-day, we will tell you whether you possess this talent. If your drawing is even 40 per cent. as good as the original, you have this natural ability, and we can start you on the road to a comfortable and independent living, with pleasant, steady and profitable employment.

Correspondence Institute of America, Dept. 362, Scranton, Pa.

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BEST FOR BABIES

IF your baby *keeps* puny and thin, *something* is the matter.

Most likely it's his diet.

In such cases, mothers who have changed the baby's diet to NESTLÉ'S FOOD have noticed a beneficial change.

Makes the firm flesh you notice in nursed children.

Just add water and boil.

We have a new book on Infant Hygiene, which we will send with trial package (enough for twelve feedings) free on request.

MAIL THIS COUPON TO-DAY

HENRI NESTLÉ, 79 Warren Street, New York.
Please send me free, your book and trial package.
Name
Address
P. M. 6

The OPEN HOUSE

was terrible: I had to drive my two hundred cattle five miles to water—and this in winter. I shot prairie chickens from my kitchen window, and occasionally I would see a deer.

There has been a great change in Kansas since then. Now we have no chinch-bugs, no hot winds and have rain in abundance. Kansas is now a great state, finely settled, with school houses every three miles, framed and plastered, and all painted white. I have prospered fairly, but I have never forgotten my old Kentucky home and the dear Southern people. I am writing to-night by a natural gas fire. It is clean and comfortable, but does not seem half as enjoyable as the old-fashioned Kentucky home fireside with its back log and the tea kettle singing its song on the hearth.

"Oh! that the kettle would sing again
Just as it used to do:
The lyrics it crooned and the tales it told,
But the heart is chilled and the years are old;
The fancies it kindled have all taken wing,
And never again will the kettle sing
Just as it used to do."

I esteem it a privilege to exchange thoughts and experiences with the entertaining writers of the Open House. I hope more of these will tell us about their home surroundings, and give us leaves out of the book of their lives.

Humboldt, Kansas. J. BARRACKMAN.

The Novels of John Fox

In response to Mrs. Bryan's invitation to Western readers, I enter the Open House. I have been enjoying the talks about choosing our life partners—I think Marvin Frank took a true and comprehensive view of the problem. But here is a fact: what is happiness for one is misery for another. I know men and women, too, who could marry without love and be contented with their lot. Love is of very minor importance to these: their happiness comes from other sources—ease, luxury, social position, a nice house or elegant dress. In the case of deeper and tenderer natures, life must have its romance, or it is not worth living. Do you not wish we could say as suggested in Elizabeth Norris's interesting letter, "Sorrow, misfortune are outside the door. I am in the house and I have got the key"? If we could feel that, we would have the strong hearts of warriors, but I am afraid it is easier said by those who have never known real sorrow: She has, alas, a duplicate key—and she comes in.

I would like, as a seeker after knowledge, to know what you Southern people think of John Fox, Jr., as a writer. I wish some of you from his native state would tell me something concerning his life. I have just read two of his novels, and I think they are excellent. Is not the local color in his books true to the life and appearance of the part of Kentucky, which he makes the scene of his stories?

California. CALIFORNIAN.

The Same Training for Both

I agree fully with the views of Occasional. I have often felt that I should be deeply thankful to any good girl or woman who would seek to lead my son or brother back to the path of purity from which he had wandered, just as I would be forever grateful to one who would lift up my fallen sister or daughter. I have reached the conclusion that there is more danger for our girls in a bad man's company than in an erring woman's. I have sewed for all classes of women for years and have never yet known of a fallen woman's seeking to lead other girls astray. I treat these women respectfully—as I do my other customers—and I feel for them a great pity, knowing that in their hearts they are most unhappy.

I do not believe in a double standard of morality which teaches our boys that they are to consider purity as essential to woman only. How can a thing be innocuous for my boy that is demoralizing to my girl? I have thought much on this matter and the moral training of my girls and my boy has been the same. I have been honest with them, telling them the truth about life—that they owe it as a duty to themselves and to society to be pure and sweet like the flowers—that only thus can they preserve their self respect and deserve the respect of others. THE CRANK.

Rexford, Montana.

That Much Claimed Poem

There is in my family in Mobile, Ala., a scrap-book which was made in the time of the Civil War. The poem, "All Quiet Along the Potomac To-night" has a place in this book and is credited to *Lamar Fontaine*. He also wrote a beautiful poem to his false sweetheart, "Oenono, the Faithless One".

Any one, reading Major Fontaine's explanation of how he came to write this poem of the war, cannot doubt his authorship. How could a woman write of the lonely pace back and forth of the picket? of the way he

"Gathers his gun close up to its place
As if to keep back the heart's swelling?"

Oh! no! that is not the writing of one who hadn't fulfilled those duties—the Boston *Transcript* to the contrary, notwithstanding. It is a sadly sweet descriptive piece of poetry, and the soldier-author should have full credit for his successful picture of the lonely picket.

The entire story is recorded in Chapter VIII of Major Fontaine's book, "My Life and My Lectures", recently published. It doesn't seem possible that a Southern soldier would have acted the treacherous way in which the picket of the opposite side shot the Major's friend, after having exchanged courtesies and received favors the afternoon before. And, of course, no New York woman would have been writing pathetic ballads reciting the death of a Southern picket.

Oh! no! that's a Southern episode all right; and written by a Southern pen. Let us give the Major full credit.

109 Chandler St., Boston, Mass "MISS LIPPENCOTT."

The Story of Karl

The story of Charlie given by Jonas in the Open House, illustrating the fatal effect that unkind and unjust treatment at home had upon a sensitive boy—brings to mind a similar case which came under my own observation. Parents owe it to their children to give them the best education and training in their power, but above all to give them love, to be their best friends and to win their confidence. I am no advocate of over-indulging a child, until he thinks he is master of the house, but many a life is lastingly warped in childhood by injustice and indifference at home. Partiality is a source of much evil. If one child is brighter, more attractive and docile than another, it is unwise to taunt that other with the superior goodness of his brother or sister. If precept and example do not induce him to be as good as the other, then keep this to yourself and continue to be patient and forbearing to the wayward one.

Karl came as a first baby to a mother who did not give him a mother's welcome. She was young; she felt that a baby was a burden and a hindrance to her when she wished to go out and have a good time as when she was a

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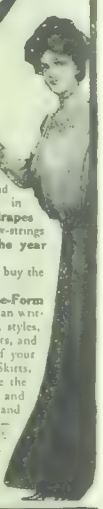

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The OPEN HOUSE

girl. Her dislike of him increased. She formed the habit of scolding him for every petty mishap or thoughtless act. When she lost two children, born later, her husband and friends hoped that this would soften her heart toward the boy. But it did not: all her affection was centered in her youngest child, Louise, who was pretty and charming, but soon became spoiled—exacting and imperious—particularly to her brother, having imbibed her mother's prejudice against him: so that the boy could take no pleasure in the little sister he would have loved.

When he was old enough to go to school, he made friends, for he was a winsome lad. He had also endeared himself to his father, whom he devotedly loved, and who was proud of him and encouraged him. But alas! he lost this best friend by death, and the light went out of his life. His father left plenty, but his mother complained of the expense he was to her, so Karl left school and went to work to earn his living. He was industrious and steady, and soon won the confidence of his employer. But his home life was intolerable. He was never asked to share in the evening's pleasure there, and he had to go down town or spend the hours alone in his room. He was thoughtful and considerate of his mother and sister and often gave them presents, which they made light of, ridiculing his taste. In spite of his excellent business prospects, the injustice with which he was treated at home preyed on his health and spirits. He became morbidly depressed, and one day he wrote letters to his boy and girl friends, and one to his mother, kind and affectionate, but telling her that she did not care for him—but only for his sister. Then he arranged his affairs and committed suicide.

And now—too late—his mother realized the wrong she had done. She knew that she alone was to blame for the untimely ending of this bright life. Her remorse impaired her reason. She was never the same woman afterward; at times she was said to be almost frantic. When I think of Karl, as I last saw his handsome boyish face, I can but wonder how a mother could help loving and cherishing such a boy.

LADY MAY.

Texas.

The Happiest Woman After All

Country people: are they really unhappy—and why? is the question concerning which Mrs. Bryan asked us to give our views. As I am a farmer's wife and have many friends similarly conditioned, I ought to be able to give a worth-while opinion. First then, I don't believe that farmers' wives as a class are any less happy than the wives of merchants, bankers, doctors, and mechanics in town. Happiness comes from within and is but little dependent upon conditions; but even if this were not so, I believe that the farmer's wife has the balance in her favor, providing always that she has a good husband. A good husband makes a happy wife, generally—though there are women (also men) whom an angel could not please. But a woman of an average agreeable disposition with a good husband is more likely to be happy if her husband is a farmer than if he be engaged in business in a city where he must always be on the rush to keep up with the crowd of money makers and has no time to enjoy his home and family. In spite of all the talk about improving the condition of us poor country folks, I believe that people in the country get more enjoyment out of life than those in cities, and their children have better opportunities for growing up good citizens.

To illustrate, let us take a farmer whom I know very well. He has a little cottage and farm, a garden, an orchard, a horse and cow, poultry and pigs. His family have plenty of good food and clothes. His children go to school and his girls take music lessons. They drive to church in a nice buggy in which their father takes them to school on rainy days. They are the social equals of their neighbors and feel themselves "as good as anybody". Their father lives at home—day and night—not half his time in a shop or an office. The mother feels no anxiety about her husband or her boys getting into bad company, being tempted into evil ways or killed in a street accident.

Suppose this man should sell out and move to town. His property would bring—say two thousand dollars, which might buy a small house in the city—of course not in a fashionable or convenient locality. Here the numerous city taxes and the necessity for buying all the food and fuel needed, together with the many small expenses incident to city life would take every dollar he could earn by hard labor. He and his family would miss the freedom of the farm, the pleasure and profit of the garden, the cow and the chickens, the moral uplift of feeling themselves socially the equal of those around them, in contrast to the sense of inferiority imposed by the strong class distinctions of a city: they would miss the pleasant rural festivities, the barbecues, picnics and church basket dinners, which all enjoyed together. The wife and children would miss the companionship of husband and father, and the family circle would cease to be affectionately united.

This farmer—the average farmer, by the way—not being well educated, could earn only a small salary in town, but while he remains on the farm he can give his wife and children as many comforts and privileges as a college graduate, who has only his salary, can afford his family. The country now offers its children the great new boon of free mail delivery, telephones and well equipped schools. True, some children of farmers must stop school awhile in the busy crop season, but they soon catch up, and the school term is tiresomely long any way.

To sum up: God made the farmers, and man—with his artificial civilization—made the other trades, and the wife of the good man with the God-given occupation ought to be the happiest woman in the world—and she generally is.

Alabama. MARTHA.

Cupid and Open Fireplaces

In the cities where men most frequently "beat it" around the block to avoid a face to face meeting with the little god of love it will be remembered that hideous steam, hot water, hot air and other forms of "modern" heating devices have driven out the old open fireplaces, and it is quite possible that when the fireplace was closed one of the chief avenues for the entrance of Cupid was put out of commission. Although the gas stove in the hall bedroom does its little best to make up the deficiency, and probably has done its share to drive the occupant to drink, suicide or matrimony, and in the mansions of higher class the gas-log has done equally valiant service for the cause, the cheerful crackle of the log on the andirons is absent and nothing can quite take its place.

Were it not for the fact that personal acquaintance with members of the fair sex in the South makes such an explanation look ridiculous, it might be argued that the early marriages of Southern men, as compared to the men of New York, are due to the influence of the dancing flames of the open fire upon them, warming their hearts as it causes their faces to glow from the radiated heat. But even though one's cardiac member may be a refrigerator there is a delight which can be experienced under no other conditions in sitting near the glowing embers, or, in case of emergency, before one of the gas imitations, a book half open on the knee, and the winds of winter whistling like demons outside. Probably one will not read much, but restful, half-formed thoughts will drift through his mind, and if strange shapes should be distinguished in the curling flames he may assume that they are the forms of Gibson girls or of the painted maidens who received his American Beauties at the stage door of the theater.

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MARTIN EDEN

(Continued from Page 12)

him he noted two young girls who looked back from the row in front, a dozen seats along, and who smiled at him with bold eyes. He had always been easy-going. It was not in his nature to give rebuff. In the old days he would have smiled back, and gone further and encouraged smiling. But now it was different. He did smile back, then looked away, and looked no more deliberately. But several times, forgetting the existence of the two girls, his eyes caught their smiles. He could not re-thumb himself in a day, nor could he violate the intrinsic kindliness of his nature; so, at such moments, he smiled at the girls in warm nature. It was nothing new to him. He knew they were reaching out their woman's hands to him. But it was different now. Far down in the orchestra circle was the one woman in all the world, so different, so terrifically different, from these two girls of his class, that he could feel for them only pity and sorrow. He had it in his heart to wish that they could possess, in some small measure, her goodness and glory. And not for the world could he hurt them because of their out-reaching. He was not flattered by it; he even felt a slight shame at his lowliness that permitted it. He knew, did he belong in Ruth's class, that there would be no overtures from these girls; and with each glance of theirs he felt the fingers of his own class clutching at him to hold him down.

He left his seat before the curtain went down on the last act, intent on seeing Her as she passed out. There were always numbers of men who stood on the sidewalk outside, and he could pull his cap down over his eyes and screen himself behind some one's shoulder so that she could not see him. He emerged from the theater with the first in the crowd; but scarcely had he taken his position on the edge of the sidewalk when the two girls appeared. They were looking for him, he knew; and for the moment he could have cursed that in him which drew women. Their casual edging across the sidewalk to the curb, as they drew near, apprised him of discovery. They slowed down, and were in the thick of the crowd as they came up with him. One of them brushed against him and apparently for the first time noticed him. She was a slender, dark girl, with black defiant eyes. But they smiled at him, and he smiled back.

"Hello," he said.

It was automatic; he had said it so often before under similar circumstances at first meetings. Besides, he could do no less. There was that large tolerance and sympathy in his nature that would permit him to do no less. The black-eyed girl smiled gratification and greeting, and showed signs of stopping, while her companion, arm linked in arm, giggled and likewise showed signs of halting. He thought quickly. It would never do for Her to come out and see him talking there with them. Quite naturally, as a matter of course, he swung in alongside the dark-eyed one and walked with her. There was no awkwardness on his part, no numb tongue. He was at home here, and he held his own royally in the badinage, bristling with slang and sharpness, that was always the preliminary to getting acquainted in these swift-moving affairs. At the corner where the main stream of people flowed onward, he started to edge out into the cross street. But the girl with the black eyes caught his arm, followed him and dragging her companion after her, as she cried:

"Hold on, Bill! What's yer rush! You're not goin' to shake us so sudden as all that?"

He halted with a laugh, and turned facing them. Across their shoulders he could see the moving throng passing under the street lamps. Where he stood it was not so light, and, unseen, he would be able to see Her as she passed by. She would certainly pass by, for that way led home.

"What's her name?" he asked of the giggling girl, nodding at the dark-eyed one.

"You ask her," was the convulsed response.

"Well, what is it?" he demanded, turning squarely on the girl in question.

"You aint told me yours, yet," she retorted.

"You never asked it," he smiled. "Besides, you guessed the first rattle. It's Bill, all right, all right."

"Aw, go 'long with you." She looked him in the eyes, her own sharply passionate and inviting. "What is it, honest?"

Again she looked. All the centuries of women since sex began were eloquent in her eyes. And he measured her in a careless way, and knew, bold now, that she would begin to retreat, coyly and delicately, as he pursued, ever ready to reverse the game should he turn faint-hearted. And, too, he was human, and could feel the draw of her, while his ego could not but appreciate the flattery of her kindness. Oh, he knew it all, and knew them well, from A to Z. Good, as goodness might be measured in their particular class, hard-working for meager wages and scorning the sale of self for easier ways; nervously desirous for some small pinch of happiness in the desert of existence, and facing a future that was a gamble between the ugliness of unending toil and the black pit of more terrible wretchedness, the way whereto being briefer though better paid.

"Bill," he answered, nodding his head. "Sure, Pete, Bill an' no other."

"No joshin'?" she queried.

"It aint Bill at all," the other broke in.

"How do you know?" he demanded. "Never laid eyes on me before."

"No need to, to know you're lyin'," was the retort.

"Straight, Bill, what is it?" the first girl asked.

"Bill'll do," he confessed.

She reached out to his arm and shook him playfully. "I knew you was lyin', but you look good to me just the same."

He captured the hand that invited, and felt on the palm familiar markings and distortions.

"When'd you chuck the cannery?" he asked.

"How'd yeh know?" and "My, aint cheh a mind-reader!" the girls chorused.

And while he exchanged the stupidities of stupid minds with them, before his inner sight towered the book-shelves of the library, filled with the wisdom of the ages. He smiled bitterly at the incongruity of it, and was assailed by doubts. But between inner vision and outward pleasantry he found time to watch the theater crowd streaming by. And then he saw Her, under the lights, between her brother and the strange young man with glasses, and his heart seemed to stand still. He had waited long for this moment. He had time to note the light, fluffy something that hid her queenly head, the tasteful lines of her wrapped figure, the gracefulness of her carriage and of the hand that caught up her skirts; and then she was gone and he left staring at the two

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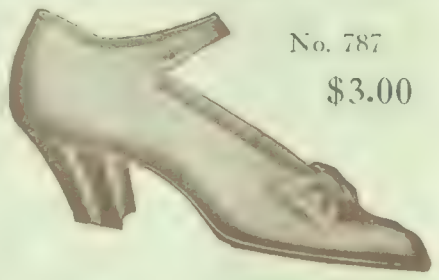

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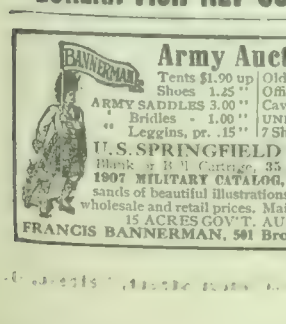

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MARTIN EDEN

girls of the cannery, at their tawdry attempts at prettiness of dress, their tragic efforts to be clean and trim, the cheap cloth, the cheap ribbons, and the cheap rings on the fingers. He felt a tug at his arm, and heard a voice saying:

"Wake up, Bill! What's the matter with you?"

"What was you sayin'?" he asked.

"Oh, nothin'," the dark girl answered, with a toss of her head. "I was only remarkin'—"

"What?"

"Well, I was whisperin' it'd be a good idea if you could dig up a gentleman friend—for her" (indicating her companion), "and then, we could go off an' have ice-cream soda somewhere, or coffee, or anything."

He was afflicted by a sudden spiritual nausea. The transition from Ruth to this had been too abrupt. Ranged side by side with the bold, defiant eyes of the girl before him, he saw Ruth's clear, luminous eyes, like a saint's, gazing at him out of unplumbed depths of purity. And, somehow, he felt within him a stir of power. He was better than this. Life meant more to him than it meant to these two girls whose thoughts did not go beyond ice-cream and a gentleman friend. He remembered that he had led always a secret life in his thoughts. These thoughts he had tried to share, but never had he found a woman capable of understanding—nor a man. He had tried, at times, but had only puzzled his listeners. And as his thoughts had been beyond them, so, he argued now, he must be beyond them. He felt power move in him, and he clenched his fists. If life meant more to him, then it was for him to demand more from life, but he could not demand it from such companionship as this. Those bold black eyes had nothing to offer. He knew the thoughts behind them—of ice-cream and of something else. But those saint's eyes alongside—they offered books and painting, beauty and repose, and all the fine elegance of higher existence. Behind those black eyes he knew every thought process. It was like clockwork. He could watch every wheel go around. Their bid was low pleasure, narrow as the grave, that palled, and the grave was at the end of it. But the bid of the saint's eyes was mystery, and wonder unthinkable, and eternal life. He had caught glimpses of the soul in them, and glimpses of his own soul, too.

"There's only one thing wrong with the programme," he said aloud. "I've got a date already." The girl's eyes blazed her disappointment.

"To sit up with a sick friend, I suppose?" she sneered.

"No, a real, honest date with—" he faltered, "with a girl."

"You're not stringin' me?" she asked, earnestly.

He looked her in the eyes and answered: "It's straight all right. But why can't we meet some other time? You aint told me your name yet. An' where d'ye live?"

"Lizzie," she replied, softening toward him, her hand pressing his arm, while her body leaned against him. "Lizzie Connolly. And I live at Fifth an' Market."

He talked on a few minutes before saying good night. He did not go home immediately; and under the tree where he kept his vigils he looked up at a window and murmured: "That date was with you, Ruth. I kept it for you."

CHAPTER VII

A WEEK of heavy reading had passed since the evening he first met Ruth Morse, and still he dared not call. Time and again he nerved himself up to call, but under the doubts that assailed him his determination died away. He did not know the proper time to call, nor was there any one to tell him, and he was afraid of committing himself to an irretrievable blunder. Having shaken himself free from his old companions and old ways of life, and having no new companions, nothing remained for him but to read, and the long hours he devoted to it would have ruined a dozen pairs of ordinary eyes. But his eyes were strong, and they were backed by a body superbly strong. Furthermore, his mind was fallow. It had lain fallow all his life, so far as the abstract thought of the books was concerned, and it was ripe for sowing. It had never been jaded by study, and it bit hold of the knowledge in the books with sharp teeth that would not let go.

It seemed to him, by the end of the week, that he had lived centuries, so far behind were the old life and outlook. But he was baffled by lack of preparation. He attempted to read books that required years of preliminary specialization. One day he would read a book of antiquated philosophy, and the next day one that was ultra-modern, so that his head would be whirling with the conflict and contradiction of ideas. It was the same with the economists. On the one shelf at the library he found Karl Marx, Ricardo, Adam Smith, and, the abstruse formulas of the one gave no clew that the ideas of another were obsolete. He was bewildered, and yet he wanted to know. He had become interested, in a day, in economics, industry, and politics. Passing through the City Hall Park, he had noticed a group of men, in the center of which were half a dozen, with flushed faces and raised voices, earnestly carrying on a discusison. He joined the listeners, and heard a new alien tongue in the mouths of the philosophers of the people. One was a tramp, another was a labor agitator, a third was a law school student, and the remainder was composed of wordy workingmen For the first time he heard of socialism, anarchy, and single tax, and learned that there were warring social philosophers. He heard hundreds of technical words that were new to him, belonging to fields of thought that his meager reading had never touched upon. Because of this he could not follow the arguments closely, and he could only guess at and surmise the ideas wrapped up in such strange expressions. Then there was a black-eyed restaurant waiter who was a theosophist, a union baker who was an agnostic, an old man who baffled all of them with the strange philosophy that what is is right, and another old man who discoursed interminably about the cosmos and the father-atom and the mother-atom.

Martin Eden's head was in a state of addlement when he went away after several hours, and he hurried to the library to look up the definitions of a dozen unusual words. And when he left the library, he carried under his arm four volumes: Madam Blavatsky's "Secret Doctrine", "Progress and Poverty", "The Quintessence of Socialism", and "Warfare of Religion and Science". Unfortunately, he began on the "Secret Doctrine". Every line bristled with many-syllabled words he did not understand. He sat up in bed, and the dictionary was in front of him more often than the book. He looked up so many new words that when they recurred, he had forgotten their meaning and had to look them up again. He devised the plan of writing the definitions in a note-book, and filled page after page with them. And still he could not understand. He read until three in the morning, and his brain was in a turmoil, but not one

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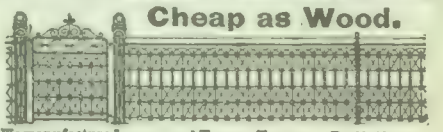

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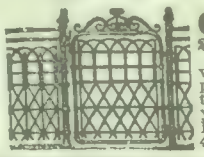

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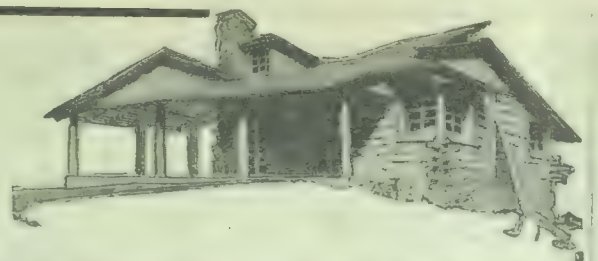

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Directly across the picturesque Delaware, spanned by a fine bridge, is Matamoras, Pa., rapidly becoming the residential section of Port Jervis. On the crest of a high hill, overlooking Matamoras, the Delaware, Port Jervis and the States of New York, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, which join at this point, is LINCOLN PARK, which is destined by its beautiful view and city advantages to be a famous bungalow and cottage colony.

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View from Lincoln Park showing Matamoras, Delaware River and Port Jervis. Lincoln Park on this side.

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We feel that no better opportunity exists for the judicious investment of a small amount of money. An agreement of sale for the lots, with a map showing location, will be sent at once upon receipt of $5—"first come, first served." Of the many fortunes that have been founded on real estate investment, none could have had a better foundation for the investment. Ask any real estate man in the country what he can offer for $25—or even $50. This is a real opportunity, as time will prove.

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Reference: National Bank of Port Jervis.

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We Guarantee Lots in Lincoln Park Are: 25 x 100 feet each. Free and clear in every way. Title clear and perfect. No obligation to improve. Taxes paid to date. Arrangements have been made for electric light, telephone, water, grocers, butchers, bakers, etc.

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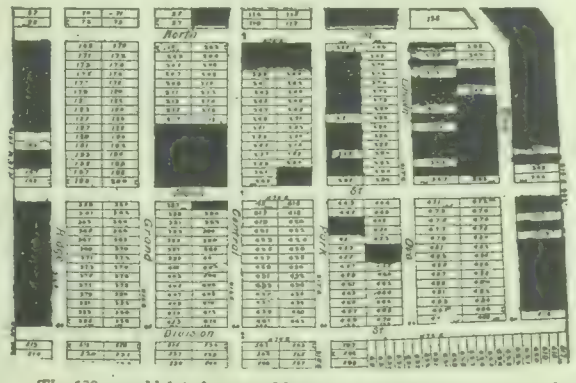

The 138 unsold lots between Main and Division streets are to be sold at once for $25 each for the benefit of the Improvement Fund. All lots blocked out have been sold for $50 each.

MARTIN EDEN

essential thought in the text had he grasped. He looked up, and it seemed that the room was lifting, heeling, and plunging like a ship upon the sea. Then he hurled the "Secret Doctrine" and many curses across the room, turned off the gas, and composed himself to sleep. Nor did he have much better luck with the other three books. It was not that his brain was weak or incapable; it could think these thoughts were it not for lack of training in thinking and lack of the thought-tools with which to think. He guessed this, and for a while entertained the idea of reading nothing but the dictionary until he had mastered every word in it.

Poetry, however, was his solace, and he read much of it, finding his greatest joy in the simpler poets, who were more understandable. He loved beauty, and there he found beauty. Poetry, like music, stirred him profoundly, and, though he did not know it, he was preparing his mind for the heavier work that was to come. The pages of his mind were blank, and without effort, much he read and liked, stanza by stanza, was impressed upon those pages, so that he was soon able to extract great joy from chanting aloud or under his breath the music and beauty of the printed words he had read. Then he stumbled upon Gayley's "Classic Myths" and Bulfinch's "Age of Fable", side by side on a library shelf. It was illumination, a great light in the darkness of the ignorance, and he read poetry more avidly than ever.

The man at the desk in the library had seen Martin there so often that he had become quite pleasant, always greeting him with a smile and a nod when he entered. It was because of this that Martin did a daring thing. Drawing out some books at the desk, and while the man was stamping the cards, Martin blurted out: "Say, there's something I'd like to ask you."

The man smiled and paid attention.

"When you meet a young lady an' she asks you to call, how soon can you call?" Martin felt his shirt press and cling to his shoulders, what of the sweat of the effort.

"Why, I'd say any time," the man answered.

"Yes, but this is different," Martin objected. "She—I—well, you see, it's this way: maybe she wont be there. She goes to the University."

"Then call again."

"What I said aint what I meant," Martin confessed, falteringly, while he made up his mind to throw himself wholly upon the other's mercy. "I'm just a rough sort of a fellow, an' I aint never seen anything of society. This girl is all that I aint, an' I aint anything that she is. You don't think I'm playin' the fool, do you?" he demanded abruptly.

"No, no; not at all, I assure you," the other protested. "Your request is not exactly in the scope of the reference department, but I shall be only too pleased to assist you."

Martin looked at him admiringly.

"If I could tear it off that way, I'd be all right," he said.

"I beg pardon?"

"I mean if I could talk easy that way, an' polite, an' all the rest."

"Oh," said the other, with comprehension.

"What is the best time to call? the afternoon?—not too close to mealtime? Or the evening? Or Sunday?"

"I'll tell you," the librarian said with a brightened face. "You call her up on the telephone and find out."

"I'll do it," he said, picking up his books and starting away.

He turned back and asked: "When you're speakin' to a young lady—say, for instance, Miss Lizzie Smith—do you say 'Miss Lizzie'? or 'Miss Smith'?"

"Say 'Miss Smith'," the librarian stated, authoritatively. "Say 'Miss Smith' always—until you come to know her better."

So it was that Martin Eden solved the problem.

"Come down any time; I'll be at home all afternoon," was Ruth's reply over the telephone to his stammered request as to when he could return the borrowed books. She met him at the door herself, and her woman's eyes took in immediately the creased trousers and the certain slight but indefinable change in him for the better. Also, she was struck by his face. It was almost violent, this health of his, and it seemed to rush out of him and at her in waves of force. She felt the urge again of the desire to lean toward him for warmth, and marveled again at the effect his presence produced upon her. And he, in turn, knew again the swimming sensation of bliss when he felt the contact of her hand in greeting. The difference between them lay in that she was cool and self-possessed, while his face flushed to the roots of the hair. He stumbled with his old awkwardness after her, and his shoulders swung and lurched perilously.

Once they were seated in the living-room, he began to get on easily—more easily by far than he had expected. She made it easy for him; and the gracious spirit with which she did it made him love her more madly than ever. They talked first of the borrowed books, of the Swinburne he was devoted to, and of the Browning he did not understand; and she led the conversation on from subject to subject, while she pondered the problem of how she could be of help to him. She had thought of this often since their first meeting. She wanted to help him. He made a call upon her pity and tenderness that no one had ever made before, and the pity was not so much derogatory of him as maternal in her. Her pity could not be of the common sort, when the man who drew it was so much man as to shock her with maidenly fears and set her mind and pulse thrilling with strange thoughts and feelings. The old fascination of his neck was there, and there was sweetness in the thought of laying her hand upon it. It seemed still a wanton impulse, but she had grown more used to it. She did not dream that in such guise newborn love would epitomize itself. Nor did she dream that the feeling he excited in her was love. She thought she was merely interested in him as an unusual type possessing various potential excellencies, and she even felt philanthropic about it.

She did not know she desired him; but with him it was different. He knew that he loved her, and he desired her as he had never before desired anything in his life. He had loved poetry for beauty's sake; but since he met her the gates to the vast field of love-poetry had been opened wide. She had given him understanding even more than Bulfinch and Gayley. There was a line that a week before he would not have favored with a second thought—"God's own mad lover dying on a kiss"; but now it was ever insistent in his mind. He marveled at the wonder of it and the truth; and as he gazed upon her he knew that he could die gladly upon a kiss. He felt himself God's own mad lover, and no accolade of knighthood could have given him greater pride. And at last he knew the meaning of life and why he had been born.

(To Be Continued)

Mme. LeGarde's Substitute

(*Continued from Page 20*)

"And oh! how good that dinner smelled!" Her hungry sigh was cut short, for he was back again. When she opened the door he laughed and said:

"I knocked with my head. It answers first rate as a knocker."

In one hand he held a dumpy brown tea pot, and in the other a plate on which were muffins and a generous slice of roast beef.

"Those blockheads down stairs sent me tea," he said. "I never drink it. I shall make me some coffee. But the tea oughtn't to go to waste. Couldn't you use it? Ladies all like tea, I believe; and muffins go with tea. I wont bother you again this evening; I'll slip that letter to Madame LeGarde under your door. By the way: you didn't tell me the name of the lady I am to introduce."

"My name is Amy Duval," said the girl.

"A pretty name, and sounds Frenchy. That will please Madame. She is half French, half German—born in Lorraine—with a flavor of both languages in her tongue. My own name—if you care to know it—is Harry Vaughn. Good night . . . and may success attend you to-morrow, Miss Duval."

MADAME LeGARDE'S rooms were on the fifth floor of the tall apartment house, so the janitor of the building informed Amy. But there was no need for Alpine climbing in this instance; an elevator shot her quickly up to the hall of the fifth floor, where she rang the bell of the door on the right, according to instructions. After a moment's waiting, she heard shuffling steps approaching along the passage inside, the door was opened and she checked herself as she was about to say "Good morning, Auntie", so much did the plump, broad-faced, smiling person of gingerbread color look like the "Aunties" who seemed to be always carrying baskets of washed clothes on their heads in the streets of Charleston.

"Can I see Madame LeGarde?" Amy asked.

"No, Ma'am, you can't—not dis mornin'. She aint well. She tole me to say she can't see no comp'ny."

"Oh! I am so sorry! If she could just see me a little while!"

"Aint you from de Souf, Chile?"

"Yes—from Charleston!"

"I knowed it. Charleston's my ole home. I'm sho' glad to see somebody from dar. I wish to gracious Madame would see you."

"Perhaps she will when she reads this letter about me from a friend of hers."

"I'll take it right to her, and I'll tell her you'se from de Souf an' you'se so nice and sweet. It'll do her good to see you." She shuffled briskly away, and came back directly, a proud smile on her good-humored face.

"Madame'll see you," she announced. She led the way to a room at the further end of the passage and opened the door, disclosing an interior full of warm, rich color and picturesque disorder.

Amy saw a large woman wearing a wine-colored *peignoir* and wrapped in a cloud of white net woolen shawl. She was reclining on a lounge, her black hair and olive tinted face contrasting with the crimson cushions on which her head rested. She sat up when Amy entered, and held out a languid hand, saying, "Now who is thees Harry Vaughn has sent me? A girl from te Sout', he says, and vot is she doing up here in dees deesagreeable city? Sit here, Ma'amselle, and tell me vot I can do for you. I am veree meeser'ble to-day. I haf a frog in my t'roat and a big w'eel going round in my head. Oh, tees *diable* east winds! You should have stayed in Sharleston, Child. Harry Vaughn says you haf a lovely voice. Bah! how does he know? He vos not leestning to the voice, he vos looking at the lovely young face. But say you haf a voice, vot you weesh to do wit it, Ma'amselle?"

"I wish to earn money with it, Madame."

"Ah! tees Americaines!" Madame threw up her hands in deprecation. "Tey theenk all te time of monee, neveire of art."

"I must earn money, Madame, because I must support myself and help my father, who is old and failing, and educate my brother."

"Mon Dieu! You expect to do all t'at wit your voice! Child, you should haf come from Paree, vare you had been taught by some famous master. You should have come here wit a reputation—for singing—mind—a leetle scandal is no matter. You should have diamonds and gowns—and a press agent vot could tell clever lies about you. And here you come from leetle old Sharleston wit nutting but your leetle girl's voice, vot haf had no training—no—"

"Pardon me, Madame, my voice has had seven years of good training by a great master. My teacher is a German professor;—he has made the voice his life study. He came to Charleston for his health—and—"

"A German— A music professor? Vot is his name?" asked Madame, eagerly.

"Herman Stein."

Madame fell back on the cushions and gasped. After resorting to her smelling salts, she sat up; "Child, you spoke a name 'at struck a chord here," she said, laying a plump hand over her capacious bosom. "Herman Stein vos my—my friend,—my *bon camerade*—my—yes, he vos my lover. We vos neighbors in *cher* Lorraine. We studied togetter. Ah! te fine tenor he had! He lost it in one hero act—he safed a child out of a burning house. Ah! Herman Stein vos a man! I knew he came to thees country, but he would not tell me vare vos his home. He vos proud. He's heart vos broke ven we parted, but he vos proud. Vell, he haf forgot me long time ago."

"No, dear Madame, he remembers you fondly. He told me of your beautiful voice—your good heart. Once, he let me see your picture, concealed in a ring he always wore."

"Ah! he yet haf t'at ring! He so near to me—joost down in Sharleston—!"

"No, he is not in Charleston now, Madame, he lived there seven years—a very retired life. He made our house his home, and he had a few pupils beside myself. Two months ago he was summoned to Germany, his father was dead."

"Te old Baron ees dead! He had one hard heart. He vos enrage wit' Herman because he love music better t'an te army. Now te title—te old *chateau*—will fall to Herman. Mon Dieu, I must go back to Lorraine!"

She sat, lost in musing, her hand over her eyes. Suddenly, she looked up. With a little laugh she said: "Ma'amselle, you vos saying to yourself 'Vot a senteemental old fool!—she haf forgot my beesness'. But no, I say by-by to te old memories, and ve will return to our *mouton*. You say Herman Stein told you you could sing, Mees Aimee?"

"He did. He said I could make singing a profession."

"I bow to his shudgement. Go to te piano and sing somet'ing."

"I will sing an old, old song that the Herr Stein loved. He sang it in German. In English it is 'The Long, Long Weary Day'."

"I knew it vell. He sing it ven ve parted," sighed Madame.

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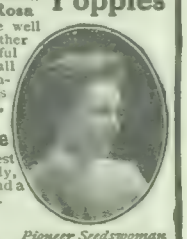

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PRIZE WINNERS in the first division of the photo contest will be announced in the April number of the agMazine. The delay was occasioned by the large number of entries—nearly a thousand persons having sent in pictures. The task of going over the photographs and selecting the winners was far beyond what we had anticipated; nor had we counted on so many entries.—EDITOR.

Mme. LeGarde's Substitute

Amy sang, and Madame, lying back on the red cushions, listened—critically, at first, then dissolved in emotion. When the song was finished, she wiped her eyes and said, "Go on; somet'ing more lively and arteestic now."

Amy sang the jewel song from "Faust". The skill with which it was rendered, the pure, flexible quality of the strong, young voice, filled her listener with wonder, but she made no demonstration. When Amy was through with the song, Madame said, "T'at will do. Come here and sit by me, child. Your master told you true. You can sing. You haf golden notes in your voice, which you can turn to gold. How mooch gold? Oh, not meelions. I do not say you are a great singer. Te great singer come like te Century plant bloom—once in a hundred years. But you can live on your voice, yes, and help te old father and te boy brother. But you moost be patient, you moost wait."

"Oh! Madame, I cannot wait. I must earn some money at once. See I have not a penny."

She shook her open *porte-monnaie* over her lap; there fell out a postage stamp. Madame smiled, and looked keenly into the girl's face. Why had she not before noted its paleness and the shadows under the eyes? She made a quick sign to her negro servant, who had been standing in the door—with the air of one waiting for a signal; then turning to Amy she said:

"It is so. You cannot wait. You must make a *coup*. You must take vot you call it?—a short cut. I see one for you right ahead. Thees evening. I had engagement to sing at te Van Zandts' reception. They are of the Four Hundred. They pay artists most leeberal. I cannot sing thees evening. The Grippe frog is in my t'roat. You sall take my place, and we sall divide te monee— Eh?"

"Oh, Madame, how good you are!" cried Amy, rapturously. "Yes, I will go—I will do my best. What shall I sing?"

"Vot sall you wear? 'Tis a most important question."

"I have a nice, white muslin dress."

"A white musleen dress! Pooh! You vish to look like von school mees—von novice? Non! You must look like an artiste vot is sure of hereslf. You must look queenlee. I have a plentiful of gowns. You must let me dress you. You sall vear a gown of ivoree satin, empire style, t'at can easy be fitted to you. It is *magnifique*. You will look new to yourself in te mirror. Vell, te ivoree satin gown has point lace on te train—a long train—so long"—throwing out her arm—"and ven—but here is Rosie wit te lunch," she said.

Amy had already seen with a joyful thrill the entrance of Rosie, bearing a tray, on which rested something that had a crisp looking brown crust and exhaled a savory odor.

"Do you know vot it is Mees Aimee from Sharleston?" cried Madame. "It ees a Southern deesh; it ees chicken pie. Rosie makes it for me when I am meeser'ble, like now. She makes it deelicious—and hot biscuits to go wit' it. Push te little table up in front of us, Ma'amselle. We will have our pie right here. Do you theenk you will enjoy it, Ma'amselle?"

Amy thought she would.

THAT night at eleven o'clock—the hour which Madame LeGarde's engagement called for—Amy Duval entered the grand reception hall of the Van Zandts' home and was shown to the dressing room by a dignified butler who but for the card in his hand might have taken the regal looking young woman for a duchess instead of a singer, coming to entertain his mistress's guests.

Amy had consulted with her new friend as to the numbers she should sing at the Van Zandts', and after these were decided on, she had painstakingly practiced them with the pianist—a friend of Madame's—who was to play her accompaniments.

In the rose-tinted light of the music-room she made a lovely picture, framed by the garlanded marble pillars that separated this room from the parlors. So gallantly did she hold herself in check that no one could suspect how wildly her heart was thumping against her bodice, and what tremors were running up and down her nerves. Her voice faltered a trifle at first, but soon its notes rang clear and true, with such fullness, freshness and feeling as to please even the jaded ears of expert critics.

Having responded twice to encores, she bowed in acknowledgment of the continued plaudits at the close of a song, and retired to a palm-screened recess at the further end of the music room. There her hostess sought her, praised her graciously and thanked her for the pleasure her singing had given. She came again directly, bringing several men whom she introduced impressively, not knowing that the little Southern girl was wholly ignorant that these were personages of note in the musical world.

After a while, Mr. Van Zandt sauntered up to her retreat—a portly, jovial gentleman, who introduced himself, holding out a fat hand. When she gave him her hand, he shook it heartily and left in the palm a bank note, the large figure of which amazed Amy when at length she found an opportunity to take a peep at it.

She thought she was alone until a voice among the palms said: "It beats Alice in Wonderland, doesn't it?" She looked up and saw Harry Vaughn.

"You here!" she exclaimed, her eyes betraying her pleasure at seeing him.

"Yes, the Van Zandts don't ignore their poor kin. I happen to be a cousin in some remote degree. But who could have dreamed of seeing you here? I can hardly believe my eyes!"

She blushed, recalling the blue *kimona*, the solitary banana and the worn little shoe he had brought back. "Madame proved a Cinderella's god-mother," she said. "Did I really do credit to her?"

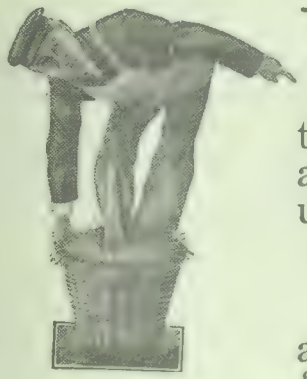
"You reflected glory upon her. Really, you won out in great style," he said. "It was a lucky business stroke, too. The Van Zandts are social heavyweights; they can afford to invite whom they please, and I saw among the audience several men who are entertainers of the public. One of the men Mrs. Van Zandt introduced to you is a director of a high-class lecture and music hall; always on the lookout for new attractions, and I saw Phelps, who is manager of an opera company, applauding you vigorously— Oh! you will not beg for engagements after this."

"I owe it all to you," she said sweetly, looking at him with beaming eyes. "I can't tell you how grateful I am."

"I wish you wouldn't think of gratitude at all in connection with the trifling service I did you—unless," smiling into her uplifted face but with an earnest tone in his voice—"unless, it should prove that gratitude, like pity, can turn to love."

It was an impudent speech from a young man, almost a stranger to her, and Amy, having been brought up in Charleston, should have frowned upon it—but she didn't.

Poultry Secrets Disclosed



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HOW WE OBTAINED THESE SECRETS

Michael K. Boyer, our poultry editor, has had exceptional opportunities and the closest friendship with poultrymen all over the country. They have freely told him many of their most jealously treasured secrets, many others we have bought, and this scattered material, together with several of Mr. Boyer's own valued methods, has now been collected in book form. It must be clearly understood that **every secret printed has been obtained in an honorable way.**

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Many years ago Mr. Felch, one of the best known figures in the poultry world, published his breeding chart, but later realizing its great importance and value to him, he withdrew it and kept the information for himself. He has now given Mr. Boyer permission to use this system and it is included in this book.

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An enterprising poultryman has been advertising this secret for $5.00 and pledging those who buy it not to disclose it to any one else; it has, however, long been known to a few poultrymen, Mr. Boyer among them, and the method is fully explained in "Poultry Secrets."

HERE ARE A FEW MORE OF THE SECRETS

1 Secret of the Philo System.
2 Woods' secret of laying food.
3 Proctor's salt secret.
4 Mendel's chart of heredity.
5 Truslow's secret of high prices for ducks.
6 Hunter's secret of success.
7 Gowell's fattening secret.
8 Burnham's secret of mating fowls.
9 Brackenbury's secret of scalded oats.
10 Secret recipes of chick feed; practically the same food as is now sold on the market at a high rate.
11 Secret of 200 eggs per hen per year.
12 Woods' secret of saving weak incubator chicks.
13 Secret of telling age of poultry.
14 Secret of preserving eggs—the only safe way.
15 Secret of celery fed broilers.
16 Secret of fattening turkeys.
17 Incubator secrets.
18 Broody hen secrets.
19 An exposure of the methods employed by some fanciers to kill the fertility of hatching eggs.

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Boyer's secret of securing fertile eggs by alternating males we believe is worth $100 to any big producer of eggs for hatching, either for his own incubators or selling to others for fancy stock. It is something new, and the diagrammatic illustration furnished by Mr. Boyer makes the matter so plain that the novice can easily understand it. This system is already practiced or about to be introduced in many of the largest plants in the country.

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So-Called "Systems" Explained

A number of "systems" and secret recipes have been and still are sold at high prices. Some are good, but not new; some are new, but of little value. Some are worth the money paid for them. Poultry Secrets gives the facts.

Of course we cannot go to the length of saying that all the information in the book is new to every one. It is said there is nothing new under the sun, and the Egyptians were hatching eggs by artificial heat centuries ago; but we do say that to the great majority of poultrymen these secrets are absolutely unknown.

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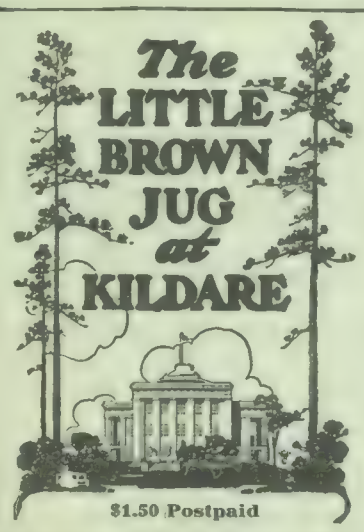

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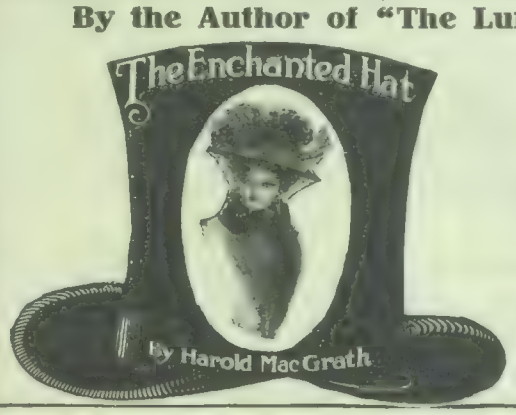

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"To readers who care for a really good mystery story, 'The Circular Staircase,' by Mary Roberts Rinehart, can be recommended without reservation. The story is put together skilfully and artistically. The extraordinary incidents follow each other naturally. The plot about which the incidents are woven is ingenious."—*New York Sun.*

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About

It has been our good luck to see advance copies of three notable books to be published in March. One is perhaps as many as we have any reason to expect in any month. When three arrive together, it is more than a happy coincidence; it is an extraordinary accident of favoring fortune, a remarkable occasion for mutual congratulation among all those who anxiously scan the publishers' announcements for promising signs of real entertainment.

The first of this delightful triad is *Infatuation,* by Lloyd Osbourne, Stevenson's step-son and his collaborator in *The Ebb-Tide, The Wrecker* and *The Wrong Box.* Single-handed, Mr. Osbourne has previously been known as an inventor of ingeniously romantic plots and as a writer of the lighter aspects of social comedy. His new novel reveals him in a far-different role, dealing simply, directly and powerfully with the facts of actual life, touching them with his humor, to be sure, and illuminating them with his idealism, but all the same representing life as it is with trenchant truth and with a fine grasp of real character. *Infatuation* takes rank as criticism of life, as well as pure fiction of immediate and very great interest.

A girl is the story. She makes her bow to us in the initial sentence and never thereafter leaves the pages, indeed she is scarcely absent from a single paragraph. Her creation is a most successful achievement, one marked by individuality and strength. Her type is so complex, while seeming perfectly simple, that one rarely if ever has seen it satisfactorily portrayed before. In her effect on the reader she is described by one word above all others as "fetching". Cast for the leading woman's part, she charmingly perverts her lines with a soubrette's playfulness. Yet, underlying her gay humor there is an intensity and an intelligence amounting in moments of climax to divination.

The motive force in the life of this young girl of delicacy, of wealth, of refinement, of vivacity, is *love.* We talk of a genius for art, a genius for science—but what, asks Mr. Osbourne, about a genius for loving? Of all human gifts this has received the least general recognition. Perhaps that is because it is so rare. Most of us are content with a ten per cent capacity for love. Phyllis Ladd has a hundred per cent capacity. Her one thought is to make herself indispensable to the man she loves. Her restless ambition is to please him, and her alert brain is busy all the time to find new ways of doing it. To love is her vocation. Every impulse and every action spring from love. Her sparkling tongue, her keen wit, her beauty, her audacity—all are as spice to a love that might otherwise cloy. She makes her lover a love-millionaire, for does she not love him "millions and millions"?

More than that her love makes a man of him, works a miracle in his common human clay, transforms, redeems and ennobles him. *Infatuation* is a splendid tribute to the alchemic power of love,

Books

transmuting base metal to refined gold.

The name of Ellery H. Clark is new on the title-pages of popular fiction, but known and established for a decade in athletic history. Not once only but several times Mr. Clark won the title of the champion all-around athlete of America. His love of outdoor sport shows itself romantically in scenes of thrilling excitement throughout the pages of *Loaded Dice,* the second of our notable trio. There is a horse-race, for instance, that makes you want to rise in your seat and cheer. There is a vivid duck-hunting episode that makes the pulses leap; Mr. Clark's particular penchant is duck-hunting. There is a wrestling-match that bears favorable comparison with the fight in *Rodney Stone.* There is a hammer-throwing contest full of thrills, based on actual experience. The first time Mr. Clark essayed to throw the hammer he landed just as he has described the miner doing, only, he lit on the back of his neck, and was too busy seeing stars to want to fight anyone.

But more impressive than race or contest is the theme which Mr. Clark has chosen and the direct, straightforward way in which he works it out. The face of the narrative is set like a flint toward the climax. It concerns one Richard Gordon, a man of massive strength and relentless force. He conceives of life and love as gambles, and immortality as the biggest gamble of all. He will take his chance of future punishment, if he may but gain the uttermost of present power. He plays the game for all it is worth, so nonchalantly that he seems the Gambler incarnate, the concentration of the very Spirit of Play. And whether he or Fate holds loaded dice the reader does not know until the very end, what that great climax, with all the swell accumulated through long suspense, breaks upon him with its overpowering wave.

Hurtling down an unwonted course of humor comes the third volume of March fiction. It is *Trolly Folly,* by Henry Wallace Phillips, the author of *Red Saunders* and *Plain Mary Smith.* The stories that compose this uproariously amusing book display to a superlative degree the author's penetration of human nature, his keen understanding of the fact that "at heart all men are simple, that airs are assumed but as a mask, concealing a real desire to please." He really knows men, and this knowledge, together with the utter kindliness of his attitude toward them, makes one love what he writes.

It is the preposterous type of humor that Mr. Phillips gives us, in which the absolutely impossible is represented as taking place in a most engagingly plausible way. A jest with him is huge, out of the whole clo' of the outrageous, truly the height of the ridiculous. It is the kind that everyone can understand, democratic humor with sources in the instantly recognizable incongruity and the strikingly picturesque epithet. Mr. Phillips is one of the benefactors of mankind.

Infatuation, Fate or Fun—take your choice.

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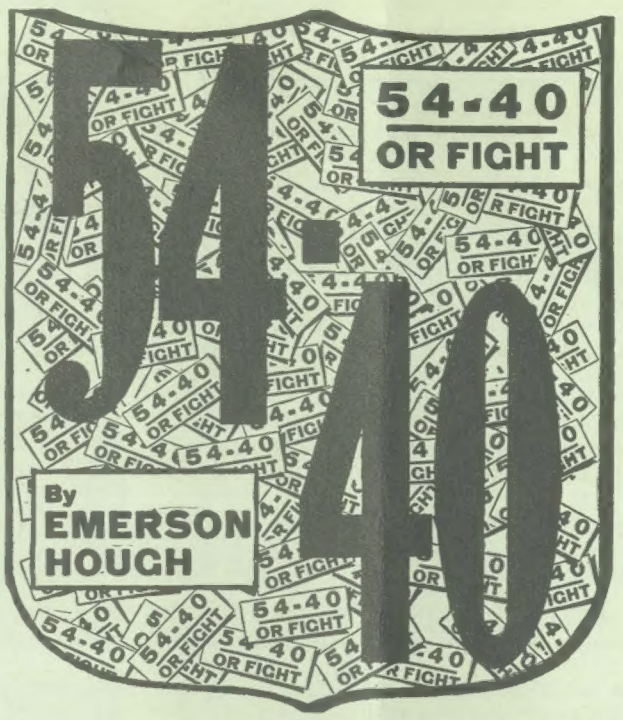

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Is the ringing, swinging on-surge of America in motion. A great story, greater than the MISSISSIPPI BUBBLE. It lays the mind captive beneath the spell of power and passion.

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"A capital story of a stirring period in the annals of the country. A book well worth the attention of even those who ignore the novels of the day."—*New York Sun.*

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"In **54-40 or Fight,** Mr. Hough has vividly written, around the campaign cry of the Polk party, a novel that is certain to reach the class of the six best sellers."

—*Chicago Journal.*

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Drawn by Howard Chandler Christy for "The Man in Lower Ten"

By MARY ROBERTS RINEHART

Author of "The Circular Staircase"

The Man in Lower Ten

The Circular Staircase was the slashing big surprise of 1908: a story by an author practically unknown which the reading public gobbled up by thousands and tens of thousands.

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By LLOYD OSBOURNE

Author of "Baby Bullet," "The Motormaniacs," etc.

Infatuation

THE strange infatuation of a young girl of charm and refinement for a man not of the usual mettle of heroes; and the stranger transformation wrought in his common clay by her "genius for loving" are set forth in Mr. Osbourne's new novel, ***Infatuation,*** with extraordinary vigor.

All the fascination of the stage is in the atmosphere; and Mr. Osbourne has never before approached the impressive power of this book. The story is human, real, living, noble, simple, but passionate; and boldly unconventional. The reader rises to the highest point of enthusiastic admiration.

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DO IT NOW

Two Early American Inaugurations

(Continued from Page 8)

large and small, made the sky echo with their strains; houses were decorated with proper bunting, and what was more proper still, the immortal Declaration of Independence was read again and again to great gatherings, and printed in its entirety in every newspaper the editor of which was not a clam. Did Mr. Jefferson rule the hour? So it would seem.

This was the real inauguration of Thomas Jefferson. As for the official inauguration, that was done in a much more quiet and undemonstrative manner. There are many versions of the way it was done, and some of them are hardly worth one's while considering. One of these latter, however, has been made much of, and has been told so often by historians that ought to have known better, that it deserves a special notice here. The more so as this story is the "regular" tradition always retold to the rising generation as an example of the "simplicity" of our early American statesmen. This common tradition is really one of the prettiest of our national myths, but as the actual facts in the case are in reality very much prettier, it will do no special harm to pulverize it. It is the story of how Jefferson went to the Capitol to be inaugurated, and it runs usually about as follows:

After a hasty cup of coffee, the great Democrat just threw his leg carelessly over his horse and ambled along all by himself to the Capitol, where he carelessly jumped off and tied the bridle to the picket fence, before slipping up to take the oath. This story has been told so often that it has acquired a distinct musty flavor. Always accompanied by the explanatory statement that this historical piece of simplicity was related by an "eye witness" who was there, and who is, therefore, supposed to have seen it, the story has long since passed into the myth stage, where it survives as green as a bay tree, putting forth its buds and leaves once every four years like a quadrennial plant.

The eye witness was a certain John Davis, Englishman by birth, and hence a traveler by profession. Davis chanced to be in Washington about the time of the inauguration, took copious notes of everything he saw and heard, and published them on his return to his own country. One of the things he heard was this story of how Jefferson went to the Capitol on the morning of the inauguration, and the persons he heard it from were a number of good fellows at the boarding house where Mr. Davis had lodgings. Not only did these accommodating fellows furnish Mr. Davis with this piece of immortal copy, but they even went so far as to make history for him in any line he liked. His book was published in 1803 at London, and can still be seen.

Jefferson did not go to the Capitol in that way. It had been his intention to go in his own coach, which had been in process of building, but which could not be finished in time. In the absence of the coach, he *walked.*

That Jefferson was troubled with none of the problems that Washington had to consider, in the way of dress and the like, no one need doubt, if we remember that Jefferson was a born aristocrat and man of quality who believed and proclaimed as loudly as he could that all men were born equal! With every right in the world to wear gold shoe-buckles and jewel-hilted swords, to say nothing at all of silk stockings, he flagrantly attired himself in the habiliments of the common man.

When the time came for him to set out for the Capitol, he requested four of five of the gentlemen in his boarding house to bear him company, and they proceeded to the Capitol on foot. The little village that Washington yet was had been almost deserted by the departure of the other crowd, and owing to Jefferson's expressed desire to have the inauguration made as quietly as was possible, no new crowds had come in.

As he was about to take the oath he approached the table on which the Bible was resting, but there is no record that he laid his hand upon the book or kissed it. After he had sworn the oath he quickly ascended the little platform to deliver his powerful, passionate, and prophetic inaugural address, and then, with two or three of the Democrats, he returned to his boarding house on foot, as he had come. He would permit no reception of any kind whatever, but there was no objection to having in one or two friends to dinner in addition to the regular guests of the establishment.

At dinner one of the party offered his congratulations. "You should follow my example," said Jefferson, "and wait. I never congratulate a bridal couple until they have lived together a year."

This is the story of the inauguration of our two national Davids, who had slain our two national Goliaths. One of them, David-like, was afraid of his weakness; the other told his friends to wait.

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For the Hair

HAIR GROWS WHEN OUR VACUUM CAP IS used a few minutes daily. Sent on 60 days' Free trial at our expense. No Drugs or Electricity. Stops falling hair. Prevents Dandruff. Postal brings illustrated booklet. MODERN VACUUM CAP CO., O-591 Barclay, Denver, Colo.

Embroidery Hoops

HAVE YOU A "DUCHESS," EMBROIDERY HOOP? If not, send 10c, your own and your dealer's address and we will mail you a pair. This offer includes "Duchess" Hoops in sizes 4 to 8 inch, and "Duchess" Oval Hoops in size 4½ by 9 inches and 6 by 12. Mention sizes wanted. Our famous patented felt cushion protects the fabric. "Duchess" Hoops have satisfied thousands for more than 10 years. Send to-day. GIBBS MFG. CO., Station K-7, Canton, Ohio.

Patent Attorneys

PATENTS SECURED OR FEE RETURNED. SEND sketch for free report as to patentability. Guide Book and What to Invent, with valuable list of inventions wanted, sent free. One million dollars offered for one invention; $16,000 for others. Patents secured by us advertised free in World's Progress; sample free. EVANS, WILKENS & CO., 855 F St., Washington, D. C.

ALEXANDER & DOWELL (T. H. ALEXANDER and Arthur E. Dowell) Attorneys at Law, 918 F. St. N. W., Washington, D. C. (Est. 1857) Make patent causes a specialty; procure Patents and Trade-Marks; render expert opinions on patentability of inventions; validity and infringement of patents; practice in all Federal Courts. Will send Book K of Information on request.

Razor Users

ALL SAFETY RAZOR BLADES 2½c EACH. DOUble-edged blades a specialty. We sterilize, resharpen and return your own blades better than new. Send address for convenient mailing package. KEENEDGE CO., 850 Keenedge Bldg., Chicago.

Pianos--Music

WING PIANOS BEST TONED AND MOST SUCcessful. Established 40 years. Recent improvements give greatest resonance. Sold direct. No agents. Sent on trial—freight paid; first, last and all the time by us—to show our faith in our work. If you want a good piano, you save $75-$200. Very easy terms. Slightly used "high-grades," Steinway, 3 Chickerings, etc., $75 up. Taken in exchange for improved Wing pianos—thoroughly refinished. Send for bargain list. You should have anyway—"Book of Complete Information About Pianos." 152 pages. New York World says: "A Book of educational interest, everyone should have." Free for the asking from the old house of WING & SON, 363-394 W. 13th St., New York.

Floor Polish

BUTCHER'S BOSTON POLISH IS THE BEST FINish made for floors and interior woodwork; not brittle; will not scratch or deface like shellac or varnish. Send for free booklet. For sale by dealers in paints, hardware and house furnishings. THE BUTCHER POLISH CO., 356 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

Books

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, AN APPRECIATION, by General Viscount Wolseley. 300 copies only, printed for GEORGE P. HUMPHREY, Rochester, N. Y. 16mo, boards, uncut; $1.00.

Rare Coins

$5.75 PAID FOR RARE 1853 QUARTERS. KEEP all money coined before 1875 and send 10 cents at once for a set of 2 coin and stamp value books. It may mean a fortune to you. C. F. CLARKE & CO., Dept. 24, LeRoy, N. Y.

Seeds

WRITE TO-DAY FOR OUR NEW SEED CATALOG. We are ever in position to supply you any variety of field, garden and flower seed. HASTINGS SEED CO., 15 W. Mitchell St., Atlanta, Ga.

We Will Give Candy Dealers

$12.00 Worth of

Sorority Chocolates

"Taylor-Made"

THE sole object of this offer is to advertise our Sorority Chocolates to candy dealers not now handling them.

We have had a wonderful experience with Sorority Chocolates. In less than half a dozen months these Chocolates have taken the lead of all chocolates in the trade throughout the entire country. Let us give you one example of how Sorority Chocolates repeat with dealers:

A candy-selling druggist in a suburb of Chicago put in a stock of Sorority Chocolates. The day they arrived he sold them all—next mail brought a big "repeat" order. Three days later another repeat order came—and that's the way they go. Similar experience comes to every dealer handling these goods.

Now, don't you see, our giving to you absolutely free $12.00 worth of Sorority Chocolates is a mighty good way to introduce and advertise them? They will be shipped to you with a small introductory order—you to agree to display them prominently in your window.

Just a Word About Sorority Chocolates

"Sorority" was a good name for Chocolate Creams. The people "took" to it—liked it—remembered it. Sorority Chocolates are the cream of creams among chocolates,—our "private stock." Quality and name put them to the front—quality and advertising will keep them there. Thousands of dealers throughout the entire United States have built up an immense trade on these chocolates—and now we are after new dealers. You will confer a favor on your high-class trade by offering them Sorority Chocolates. You will build up permanent trade on them. This we know—hence this offer.

To Every Dealer

(who has never sold Sorority Chocolates and who will display same in his window) we will give absolutely free of cost, $12.00 WORTH SORORITY CHOCOLATES, with a small introductory order, packed in beautiful Craftsmanship Boxes of special design covered in College and Sorority Colors. This is a bona fide offer to the readers of Uncle Remus's—The Home Magazine, made and limited to a short time and only to those sending attached coupon—properly filled out.

Fill out the coupon and mail today. This is a wonderful offer—something that's unheard of in the candy trade. This $12.00 worth of Sorority Chocolates is **absolutely free**—you agreeing to display them in your store window.

Taylor Bros. Co.

355 Taylor Building

Battle Creek, Mich.

Taylor Bros. Co.
355 Taylor Bldg.
Battle Creek, Mich.

COUPON

Dear Sirs: Please send me particulars regarding $12.00 worth of Sorority Chocolates you offer FREE to dealers. I will agree to display them in my window. I am a dealer in high grade candies.

I keep.....store
(Please state whether drug, grocery, candy or general store)

at No.....

Name.....

Town..... State.....

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DUPONT
CARUSO

Which is which?

Victor V
$60

You think you can tell the difference between hearing grand-opera artists sing and hearing their beautiful voices on the ***Victor.*** But can you?

In the opera-house corridor scene in "The Pit" at Ye Liberty Theatre, Oakland, Cal., the famous quartet from Rigoletto was sung by Caruso, Abbot, Homer and Scotti on the ***Victor,*** and the delighted audience thought they were listening to the singers themselves.

Every day at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York, the grand-opera stars sing accompanied by the hotel orchestra of sixteen pieces. The diners listen with rapt attention, craning their necks to get a glimpse of the singer. But it is a ***Victor.***

In the rotunda of Wanamaker's famous Philadelphia store, the great pipe organ accompanied Melba on the ***Victor,*** and the people rushed from all directions to see the singer.

Even in the ***Victor*** laboratory, employes often imagine they are listening to a singer making a record while they really hear the ***Victor.***

Why not hear the ***Victor*** for yourself? Any ***Victor*** dealer will gladly play any ***Victor Records*** you want to hear.

There is a ***Victor*** for every purse—$10 to $250.

Victor Talking Machine Co., Camden, N. J., U. S. A.

Berliner Gramophone Co., Montreal, Canadian Distributors.

Victor

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To preserve your Victor Records and get best results, use only Victor Needles